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Together APRIL 1963
FOR METHODIST FAMILIES

IN THIS ISSUE: Sir Hugh Foot on UN personalities . . . Easter Week by artists old and new . . .
Bishop Gerald Kennedy asks, "How Big Should a Church Be?"

A Methodist Focus in Nashville

EACH YEAR thousands of people, many from foreign lands, visit the Methodist Board of Evangelism's Upper Room Chapel in Nashville, Tenn. The chapel—with its great wood carving of Leonardo da Vinci's *The Last Supper* and its magnificent stained-glass window—has become a symbol of the Christian devotional life, Methodism's evangelistic outreach, and the worldwide readership of *The Upper Room*, daily devotional guide prepared in 35 languages and with a circulation of more than 3¼ million copies.

Methodist tourists in Nashville also visit the Board of Education building across the street. Nearby is Scarritt College, the church's chief training school for full-time Christian workers; and Nashville is the home of Methodism's Television, Radio, and Film Commission (TRAFICO). A great silvery medallion of a circuit rider at The Methodist Publishing House building, 201 Eighth Ave., S., marks the northern terminus of Natchez Trace, along which Methodism moved southwestward. A watercolor of the medallion was featured in a TOGETHER color pictorial, *Along the Natchez Trace*, in February, 1961.



The Upper Room Chapel: Behind the stained-glass window, two stories tall, is a quiet spiritual retreat and a reminder of mankind's world fellowship in Christ.



Daily tours of the chapel and Board of Evangelism building include the museum and library where the past speaks of an evangelism still relevant today.

A rare 16th-century painting of Christ washing his disciples' feet (artist unknown) is on display in the museum's growing collection of religious art.

*From every state and scores of
lands, Christians come to kneel at
the altar under the great
wood carving of The Last Supper.*

*Special worship services in
the chapel are frequently held by
ministers who visit Nashville.*

*"Is it I, Lord?" they asked when
told one would betray Him.
This detail shows the painstaking
genius of the sculptor,
Ernest Pellegrini, who worked
with lime wood and walnut.*



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The Church in Action

COMING UP: NEW METHODIST STANDS ON SOCIAL ISSUES?

The News: Will The Methodist Church change its position on a number of major social issues? If the attitude at the General Board of Christian Social Concerns' recent annual meeting is a weather vane, there may be substantial shifts in approach to dealing with certain problems—without deviating in principle from traditional Methodist stands.

The trend seemed to be away from issuing strong pronouncements and toward a more sympathetic approach to controversial social issues. This is noticeable especially in nine study papers adopted at the meeting in Washington, D.C.

Background: For more than a year, the Division of Temperance and General Welfare has been preparing a series of study papers to explore in depth a number of issues affecting the spiritual, physical, and general welfare of individuals and society.

These study papers were adopted by the General Board and referred to its legislative committee for possible policy recommendations to the 1964 General Conference. They also will serve the board's staff as program guidelines on such topics as:

- **Pornography:** One of the studies concerned pornography. Parents and other responsible citizens are increasingly concerned over the deluge of obscene literature and pictures directed to American youths. In the past, there have been many censorship efforts. But court rulings have struck hard at censorship.

The study advises that The Methodist Church direct moral appraisal and esthetic evaluation toward stopping the flow of pornographic material instead of encouraging censorship. Condemning the exploitation of sex in modern society, the study proposes that the church emphasize the positive, wholesome witness of the Bible to the place of sex in life.

- **Narcotics:** Another social canker is dope traffic and addiction. Here, again, past emphasis has been upon force—police action—designed for suppression and the punishment of offenders.

Because such procedures have not stamped out the evil, the study redirects the church's effort. It suggests that those who abuse narcotics have sought relief or

escape from personal problems through one of God's creations rather than through a meaningful relationship with the Creator. It recommends that Christians find ways in which the church can work with community agencies in correcting conditions conducive to dope addiction.

- **Social Welfare:** Christian love and compassion, says the study, must go far beyond the limits of the organized church because "responsibility for the total welfare of the whole man and for all men is involved." In the belief that meeting human need is both a private and a community responsibility, it says "the church will work for effective social-welfare programs under private and public auspices."

- **Mental Health:** Defining mental health as "the progressive achievement by a growing person of mature selfhood and enriching relationships among others," the study paper points out that too little has been done for the mentally ill. It suggests The Methodist Church: (1) provide pastoral care through trained chaplains and laymen, (2) train pastors to handle the emotionally disturbed, (3) help develop mental-health facilities, and (4) have concern for juvenile delinquency and alcoholism.

- **Crime:** In this field, the study recommends that stress be placed upon rehabilitation rather than punishment and that churches take action by forming citizen action groups, visiting prisoners and their families, helping released prisoners, training pastors in rehabilitation, and enlisting youths in correctional vocations.

- **Tobacco:** Turning to smoking, the study cautions against condemnatory attitudes toward those who use tobacco, while citing the hazards and the costs of smoking. It advises the revision of laws relating to the purchase of tobacco by minors. It favors personal and group disciplines to promote abstention, and urges that children be educated about smoking's health hazards.

- **Drinking:** A restatement of the Methodist stand on the use of alcoholic beverages was advocated by the study. It would turn from the legalistic, authoritarian method to therapy and redemption, with stress upon personal decision-making. It terms the present program sound in philosophy.

The study points out that the word "temperance" has become a block to communication with responsible groups and denominations. It recommends that The Methodist Church join with other denominations in seeking solutions to the problem, and that Methodists have a respect for "the right of sin-



The Rev. A. Dudley Ward (left) will succeed Dr. Caradine R. Hooton July 31 as general secretary of the Board of Christian Social Concerns.

cere Christian men to differ with us."

Other Action: Reaffirming Methodist support of public schools, the board adopted a resolution stating its belief that "corporate worship is the most distinctive function of the church and synagogue" and that "corporate devotions and sectarian instruction in the public schools, where pupils are present not by choice but by compulsion of public law, can scarcely be religiously constructive." The resolution concluded that "celebrations of religious ceremonies in the public school often tend to limit the true meaning of these observances."

The board also took a stand for government help—in medical care for the aged—but with limitations, along with a strong plea for safeguarding private enterprise. It called upon federal, state, and local governments to co-ordinate programs for medical, hospital, nursing, and diagnostic care.

The board authorized construction of a new, 8-story office building as part of the Methodist Center planned near the American University in Washington, D.C. The \$4 million structure also would house other Methodist agencies.

Plans have been approved by the Methodist Corporation (which controls the entire development), and are to be submitted this month for clearance by the church's Co-ordinating Council.

Significance: The current reexamination of the church's attitude on social issues is evidence of Methodism's continuing interest and portends active discussion—possibly legislation—at the General Conference in April-May, 1964.



Bishop Richard C. Raines (holding paper) commissions new missionaries and deaconesses who will serve in the United States and six foreign countries.

Asks for More Missionaries With Highest Qualifications

More missionaries with the highest qualifications must be recruited by The Methodist Church, declared an executive of the Methodist Board of Missions at its annual meeting in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. M. O. Williams, a secretary of missionary personnel, called upon the board to "summon our church to confront its ablest men and women with those opportunities for redemptive service and to provide the resources to make this service possible."

He cited a decline in the number of missionaries in the face of continuing

requests from the field. "There must be more men and women offering themselves," Dr. Williams said, "for this service in order that we might select those better qualified."

As of November 30, 1962, he said, the World Division had only 1,096 missionaries in service—the quota for 1962 was 1,125. This number was below the corresponding number for 1959, 1960, and 1961, he said.

The board had record income and disbursements during the year ending May 31, 1962, said Miss Florence Little, the board's assistant treasurer and treasurer for the Woman's Division of Christian Service. But, she said, per-member giving to missions increased only 6¢—from \$2.73 to \$2.79.

Disbursements (\$34,796,000) ex-



John Fletcher (left) and Bishop Fred Pierce Corson (center) receive World Outlook awards for their contributions to the Methodist missionary program. Bishop Richard C. Raines presents awards during Board of Missions meeting.

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ceeded income (\$32,442,000) in 1962 by \$2,354,000. Miss Little said that this was accounted for largely by funds received in fiscal 1961 but not spent until 1962.

She said that the single largest source of missionary income in 1962 was the annual pledge of the Woman's Societies of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guilds. The \$9,965,000—31 percent of the board's income—represented an increase of \$285,000 over the previous year.

Awards were given by *World Outlook*, Methodist missions magazine, to two Methodists for their contributions to the Methodist missionary program. Bishop Fred Pierce Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., received the Methodist of the Year Award for 1963. John Fletcher of New York, a retired maintenance man for the board, received a special citation for his contribution of "outstanding service to the missionary enterprise of The Methodist Church."

Three Missionaries Return; Only Five Remain in Angola

The return of three Methodist missionaries from Angola to the United States leaves only five missionaries to carry on the church's work there.

Remaining in the Portuguese colony are: Mr. and Mrs. Loyd O. Schaad of Newberg, Oreg. (the only Americans), and Miss Anne-Marie Nordby, R.N., and the Rev. and Mrs. Harry Andreasen, all of Norway.

John Shryock of El Paso, Texas; Warren Jackson of Marlette, Mich., and the Rev. Coriless V. Hanson of Panama City, Fla., returned home because their wives repeatedly had been refused permission to join them. The three had remained at their posts long after their terms were officially over.

Once a missionary leaves Angola, Portuguese authorities will not allow his return, and new missionaries cannot get permission to enter the country. [See *Special Report on Angola*, February, 1962, page 14.]

All three returning missionaries urged American Methodists to continue their support to Angola with prayers, interest, and funds, despite the handicaps to mission work.

Methodist Bishop Ralph E. Dodge of Salisbury (Africa) Area during a recent visit in the U.S., protested to the Portuguese embassy in Washington, D.C., against pressures which are put upon Protestant missions and schools in Mozambique, another Portuguese Colony in Africa.

The bishop's area includes Rhodesia, Mozambique, and Angola, but he has been repeatedly denied permission to visit the latter colony.

"Our church and its members are suffering terrible persecution in Angola," the bishop said. Although there

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are only five missionaries remaining in that country, he said, "our converts have remained loyal, and are trying to continue the work of the church and its schools."

Methodists in the News

The Rev. B. Marion Hope received the first 50-year pin to be presented to a deaconess during the present 75th anniversary of the Methodist deaconess movement.

Dr. Caradine R. Hooton of Washington, D.C., was re-elected president of the National Temperance and Prohibition Council for 1963.

Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, retired pastor of Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, D.C., has been re-elected chaplain of the United States Senate.

Dr. Law Sone of Fort Worth, Texas, has been elected president of the National Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church. Dr. Hurst R. Anderson, Washington, D.C., was elected vice-president, and Dr. Ralph W. Decker, Nashville, Tenn., was re-elected secretary-treasurer. Dr. Anderson also is president of the Association of American Colleges.

Dr. Roy A. Sturm has assumed his duties as director of the department of research and statistics of the Methodist Council on World Service and Finance with headquarters in Evanston, Ill.

Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia and Senator Lister Hill of Alabama were honored at a recent session of the 88th Congress for length of service. Senator Russell has completed 30 years in the Senate, and Senator Hill 40 years in Congress, having gone from the House to the Senate in 1938.

Fred B. Smith of Ripley, Miss., has received an annual First Federal Award through the University of Mississippi for outstanding achievements and distinguished service in behalf of the State of Mississippi.

Miss Esther M. Holley, Evanston, Ill., retired February 1 as director of the file of pastors and church officials of the Methodist Council of World Service and Finance. She had 32 years of service.

Charles C. Parlin of New York City has been elected honorary chancellor of Methodist-related Florida Southern College, Lakeland, Fla., for 1963. He is the 28th man to be so honored by the 78-year-old school.

Honor 3 Philanthropists And Miss Student Nurse

The Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes has named three men to the Methodist Hall of Fame in Philanthropy. At the annual convention of the National Association of Methodist Hospitals and Homes in Cincinnati, Ohio, it also honored Miss Methodist Student Nurse of 1963.

Named to the Hall of Fame for outstanding contributions of time, service, and money to Methodist health and welfare institutions were Walter E. Huenefeld, Cincinnati; Sid Katz, San



Mr. Katz



Mr. Smith



Mr. Huenefeld



Miss Boitman

Antonio, Texas; and Benjamin Matthew Smith, Arlington, Va.

Miss Diane Boitman of Clinton, Iowa, had been selected earlier as Miss Methodist Student Nurse. She is a senior in the school of nursing at St. Luke's Methodist Hospital in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Miss Boitman, who fled to the United States from communist terrors in Latvia, was selected from a field of 32 contestants in Methodist schools of nursing in the U.S.

Methodists Work Toward National Racial Equality

Methodists in the United States are striving to end racial discrimination and segregation by various means. [See *Methodists Join Nation in Integration Progress*, February, page 3.]

In Philadelphia, Pa., Methodists mapped plans to merge the denomination's Central Jurisdiction with other jurisdictions.

Two Methodist bishops joined leaders of other denominations in Alabama in calling upon people to seek divine guidance regarding desegregation of schools and colleges in that state.

In Chicago, the first National Conference on Religion and Race was held

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

APRIL

- 7—Palm Sunday.
- 7-14—Week of Spiritual Enrichment Through Worship (Aldersgate Year).
- 12—Good Friday.
- 14—Easter.
- 16-19—Meeting of the Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church, San Francisco, Calif.
- 23-25—Notional Consultation on Economic Practices of the Church, Washington, D.C.
- 23-25—Annual meeting Association of Methodist Historical Societies, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 24-26—Annual meeting U.S. Conference for the World Council of Churches, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
- 28—Notional Christian College Day.
- 29-May 1—Meeting of the Co-ordinating Council of The Methodist Church, Nashville, Tenn.

• There can be disagreement concerning laws and social change without advocating defiance, anarchy, and subversion.

• Hatred and violence have no sanction in our religious and political traditions.

• Constitutions may be amended or judges impeached, but our American way of life depends upon obedience in the meantime.

• No person's freedom is safe unless every person's freedom is equally protected.

• Freedom of speech, without fear of recrimination or harassment, must be preserved.

• Every human being is created in the image of God and is entitled to respect, with all basic rights, privileges, and responsibilities which belong to humanity.

Upper Room Award to Dr. Kim

Dr. Helen Kim, president emeritus of Methodist-related Ewha Woman's University in Seoul, Korea, will receive *The Upper Room* citation for 1963.

This is the 15th annual citation given by the interdenominational daily devotional guide. It is the first given to a person outside of North America and the second to be given to a woman.



Dr. Kim

Dr. Kim was for 30 years president of Ewha, largest women's university in the world. She is chairman of the Commission on Evangelism of the Korean Methodist Church and the National Council of Churches of Korea.

She is credited with originating the idea of the World Federation of Methodist Women.

Dr. J. Manning Potts, editor of *The Upper Room*, will make the presentation later this year.

Methodists Seek Spirit of Aldersgate in 50 Countries

The World Methodist Council is promoting Aldersgate Around the World, a series of services on Renewal (of the spirit of Aldersgate) and Identification (with the ideals, purposes, and international fellowship of WMC). Fifty countries will participate in the services.

Initial observance of the 225th anniversary of John Wesley's "heartwarming experience" will begin in Wesley's own City Road Chapel, London, England, on May 24, 1963, said Dr. Lee F. Tuttle, American secretary of the council. He said that even the hour spe-

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St. Paul—20 days. Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Departing September 7. Fare, \$376 up.

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DR. CARADINE HOOTON, General Secretary, Board of Christian Social Concerns, The Methodist Church: "The non-drinker, being a better insurance risk, should be entitled to a better insurance rate on his policy. I want to congratulate you on bringing this low-cost insurance to total abstainers."

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Don't Take Chances

Can you afford a long siege in the hospital, with costly but necessary doctors' bills, expensive drugs and medicines? Many people lose their savings, their cars, even their homes trying to meet these ever-increasing costs. Don't take chances with your financial security, or your future. Remember—once the doctor says it's your turn to enter the hospital, it's too late to buy coverage at any price!

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My occupation is _____ Age _____

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I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below

NAME (Please Print)	AGE	HGHT.	WGHT.	BENEFICIARY
1. _____				
2. _____				
3. _____				

To the best of your knowledge and belief, do you or any person applying for coverage now have, or have you or they ever had any physical defect or deformity, high or low blood pressure, heart trouble, diabetes, cancer, arthritis, or tuberculosis; or have you or they, within the last 5 years, been disabled by either accident or illness, had medical advice or treatment, taken medication for any condition, or been advised to have a surgical operation? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If so, give details stating person affected, cause, date, name and address of attending physician and whether fully recovered: _____

Neither I nor any other person listed above uses alcoholic beverages, and I hereby do apply for a policy with the understanding that the policy will not cover any conditions existing prior to the issue date, and that it shall be issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the above questions.

Date: _____ Signed **X**
Form GS 713-1

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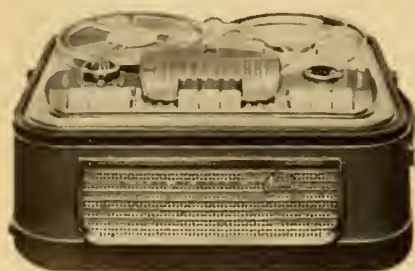
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Aldersgate Commemorative Medallion.

cifically noted in Wesley's diary, "at a quarter before nine," will be followed.

Old St. George's Church in Philadelphia, Pa., will continue the service which will be led by American WMC leaders. The order of worship for this service will be prepared by Bishop Fred Pierce Corson, WMC president. Copies of this order of service are available to churches wishing to use them.

Available to add a graphic touch to the services, Dr. Tuttle said, is a bronze Aldersgate Commemorative Medallion, seven inches in diameter, for mounting on wall, pulpit, or other appropriate place in the sanctuary.

American observances are being encouraged in co-operation with plans of the Methodist Board of Evangelism.

TOGETHER throughout 1963 will feature many of the outstanding events of Aldersgate Year. [See *The Church in Action*, January, page 3.]

Charges Church Has Become Only a 'Referral Society'

Today's Christian church has become more of a referral society, "having lost faith in the power of the Gospel to accomplish God's work," said Methodist Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy of Los Angeles, Calif.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Missions, Bishop Kennedy pointed out, "We tell people where they can go to get what they need, instead of giving help to them ourselves."

Many ministers have "lost confidence" in the Gospel, he charged, and thus readily refer people to psychologists.

24 Pastors Participate in British-American Exchange

An international exchange of pulpits is scheduled this summer under the direction of the World Methodist Council. Twenty-four British and American Methodist ministers will exchange pastorates for several weeks.

Dr. A. Stanley Leyland of London, England, and Dr. Lee F. Tuttle of

Lake Junaluska, N.C., are in charge of arrangements for the pastor exchange.

The following ministers will exchange pulpits:

S. Mancel Bell of Great Bend, Kans., and A. John Badcock of Wallasey, Cheshire, England.

D. Russell Lytle of Jefferson City, Mo., and S. John Batson of Wirral, Cheshire, England.

Lawrence L. Hucksoll of Bristol, N.H., and Herbert Brooke of Jersey, Channel Islands.

Clement B. Yinger of Rochester, N.Y., and Roland L. Cox of Bristol, England.

George E. Bailey of Bellaire, Ohio, and Robert J. Good of Donaghadee, County Down, Northern Ireland.

Chester E. Hodgson of Brooklyn, N.Y., and John Jackson of Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, England.

Frederick E. Still of Hertford, N.C., and Thomas Lee of Norwich, England.

Henry E. Russell of Dyersburg, Tenn., and Reginald Mallett of Manchester, England.

N. Robert Kesler of Pasadena, Calif., and Frank Mellor of London, England.

Walter C. Smith of La Plata, Md., and G. Robinson Myers of Bangor, Caerns, Wales.

Charles R. Ellinwood of Indianapolis, Ind., and Matthew Pickard of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England.

Richard Drake of Cleveland, Ohio, and George W. Sails of Nottingham, England.

Housewives Outnumber Others As Church-School Teachers

More teachers in Methodist church schools are housewives than any other occupational group, reports Dr. Henry M. Bullock of Nashville, Tenn., editor of Methodist church-school publications. The findings are part of a larger "Project Profile" survey of Methodist Christian education which is not yet completed.

Dr. Bullock said the report, based

CENTURY CLUB

Six more Methodists are joining TOGETHER's Century Club this month. They are:

Mrs. G. N. Boddie, 101, Kenner, La.

Mrs. Lizzie Bain Lysinger, 101, Bedford, Pa.

Mrs. Ellen Yancy, 101, Marshall, Mo.

Mrs. Armina Ann Kirk, 100, Wilder, Idaho.

Mrs. Dora Stanfield Anderson, 100, Staples, Texas.

Mrs. Mary Caroline Williamson, 100, Maysville, Okla.

Names of other Methodists who are 100 or older will be published as they are received. In sending names of Century Club nominees, please give home address, church where membership is held, and birth date.



Artist's sketch of the proposed Spiritual Life Center at Methodist-related American University in Washington, D.C., shows constantly burning flame atop the interfaith center. Flame symbolizes man's faith in eternal life.

on 6,000 of approximately 39,000 Methodist churches, showed that housewives make up 55 percent of the teachers of children, 28 percent of youth, and 24 percent of adults.

Professional people (doctors, lawyers, and public-school teachers) make up the second largest group, and white-collar workers make up the third group.

Methodist Schools Get Loans And Ford Foundation Grant

Two Methodist-related schools have been approved for student housing loans by the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency.

Emory University, Atlanta, Ga., will receive a \$1,300,000 loan to erect three three-story housing units for graduate and professional students.

Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio, will get \$1,250,000 for construction of a union building which will provide food service for 1,000 students, and will have lounges, a recreation area, and offices for all student publications and organizations.

Methodist-related American University, Washington, D.C., has received a \$151,000 grant from the Ford Foundation for a five-year program of studies on Communist China. The funds also will be used for fellowships and for an expansion of library resources.

Stops Suburban Church Aid

Metropolitan Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich., will discontinue sending its money and members to assist new Methodist churches in the suburbs, said Dr. Robert H. Bodine, pastor.

He explained that his church had overextended itself in financial contributions on the "mistaken assumption" that it was the responsibility of big city parishes to spread the faith in suburban areas.

"Protestantism will stand or fall on how it serves the concentrated urban centers of the nation," Dr. Bodine said. "We've stopped building for others and are going to concentrate on our mission opportunity in the downtown area."

Interfaith Center Planned

A unique interfaith assembly and worship center will be built on the campus of Methodist-related American University in Washington, D.C. The \$350,000 Spiritual Life Center will be named in honor of Abraham S. Kay, Jewish businessman-philanthropist and trustee of the university.

The center will contain a 300-seat chapel with small alcoves which will house altars suitable to Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish worship services. The facilities are available also to foreign student groups of Buddhist and other faiths.

Another feature will be offices for six chaplains who will be attached to the university staff to minister to students of various religious backgrounds.

The center will be completed in 1963, according to Dr. Hurst Robbins Anderson, university president.

15 Churches Give \$381,855 to Overseas Advance Specials

Fifteen Methodist churches in nine states were the highest givers last year to Advance Specials overseas, according to the Rev. Ashton A. Almand, treasurer of the Methodist Board of Missions' Division of World Missions. These churches gave a total of \$381,855.

Advance Specials are contributions over and above the giving to World Service.

Marvin Church in Tyler, Texas, gave the largest amount, \$63,601. Dr. Almand estimated that 25,000 of the 39,000 Methodist churches contributed



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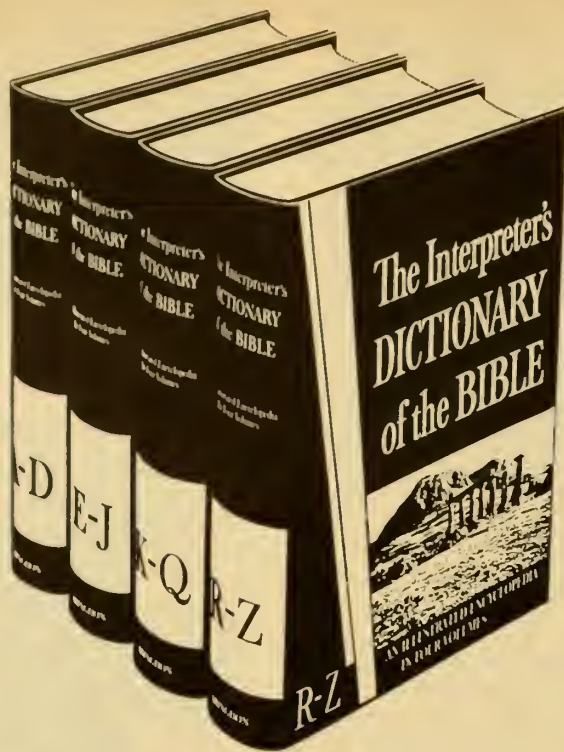
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The other 14 highest givers were: Central Church, Lansing, Mich., \$34,469; First Church, Orlando, Fla., \$30,865; Hennepin Avenue Church, Minneapolis, Minn., \$30,516; St. Luke's Church, Oklahoma City, Okla., \$26,050; Grace Church, Dayton, Ohio, \$25,845; Vineville Church, Macon, Ga., \$23,368; First Church, Coral Gables, Fla., \$21,389; Christ Church, St. Petersburg, Fla., \$21,243; Boston Avenue Church, Tulsa, Okla., \$20,350; St. John's Church, Augusta, Ga., \$19,412; Centenary Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., \$16,832; Centenary Church, Winston-Salem, N.C., \$16,332; Peachtree Road Church, Atlanta, Ga., \$15,833; and Christ Church, Memphis, Tenn., \$15,750.

Appeal for India Missions

An appeal by Mrs. Indira Gandhi, daughter of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, has been endorsed by Methodist bishops in India. They have called for Christian doctors, nurses, and medical technicians to work in areas of the northeast frontier which were invaded by the Communist Chinese.

Previously, some of the Indian press had been critical of Christian missionary efforts among aborigines in the northeast frontier.

Mrs. Gandhi's appeal is considered an indication that the government and the Indian public may be adopting a more sympathetic attitude toward Christian missions.

Announce Jurisdiction Dates

The next quadrennial conference of the Southeastern Jurisdiction of The Methodist Church will be held July 8-12, 1964, at Lake Junaluska, N.C.

Announcement of the conference was made by Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., of Columbia, S.C., secretary of the jurisdiction's College of Bishops, and Dr. Waights G. Henry, Jr., chairman of the conference entertainment committee and president of Methodist-related LaGrange College, LaGrange, Ga.

Grants to Methodist Schools

Three Methodist-related universities have received research grants from the National Science Foundation. They are Syracuse (N.Y.) University, \$279,270; Boston (Mass.) University, \$21,500; and University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif., \$13,420.

Student housing loans have been granted to four Methodist-related colleges by the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency. Receiving the loans are Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, \$735,000; High Point (N.C.) College, \$200,000; Ferrum (Va.) Junior College, \$900,000; and Hiwassee College, Madisonville, Tenn., \$650,000.

Easter

EXPLAINS THE CHURCH

By ROY L. SMITH

EASTER is a time for Christian rejoicing; it also is a time for serious Christian thinking. There is something thrilling about the Easter hope; but there also is something sobering about the fact that—except for Easter—there would have been no Christian hope.

There is great need to get clear perspective. There was no church until Jesus came, and there was no Easter hope until Jesus rose from the dead. It was that hope which gave the Church its message and authority.

If one were to listen to certain of today's radio programs, one would get the impression that the doctrine of the virgin birth was the basic doctrine of the Christian church. The emphasis given to this doctrine would leave the feeling that it is the determinator of all things Christian. Actually, it is the risen Christ—the Resurrection—which authenticates the Christian message.

Everywhere those first century Christians went, they declared it to be a fact that Jesus had risen from the dead. Paul went so far as to declare that if that were not true, then the whole of the Christian Gospel was a snare and a delusion. The great apostle called it "vain."

By whatever route Jesus came into the world the first time, it was the way he returned to the world—the Resurrection—which rendered his message imperishable. Even today, we listen respectfully to the things he said, because the One who died and rose again said those things.

In one way or another, every book in the New Testament is a product of the Christian confidence that Jesus Christ was alive—that he had risen from the dead and had become the head of the Church. Had he not risen from the grave, there would have been no Church.

One of the most sobering questions any Christian can ask himself is this: "Would the Jesus in whom I believe have produced the Christian church?"

It was with the good news that Jesus had been raised from the dead that the Christians went out into the surrounding paganism, declaring that the end of one age had come and that a new age was dawning. In this connection, no New Testament writer ever appeals to the authority of the virgin birth. It is the fact of the Resurrection that convinces him that life and faith have set off in a new direction.

The first-century Christian church would never have come into existence, no matter how wonderful Jesus' teachings may have been, if those first-century Christians had not believed that Jesus was alive. They gathered in the evening of the first day of the week to celebrate Jesus' experience of rising from the dead. And in time, the first day of the week became the Christian's Sabbath.

Had they not been convinced that he was alive and that he joined them in their meetings, there would have been no Lord's day—the name they gave it.

It was the fact of the Resurrection that first attracted the attention of the pagan world. There were other teachers who declared they understood great mysteries. There were others who announced that they "knew a secret." Some even claimed to speak in the name of God. But Jesus—alone among them all—died and rose again from the dead.

Men generally will concede that Jesus was the world's greatest teacher—even those who do not accept his divinity, or trust the doctrine of the Resurrection. But the thing that saved his ministry is the fact that his was a living ministry.

It was the Christians' claim that Jesus had been dead, and was alive, which called for an explanation. And that explanation became the rock base of our Christian theology.

There have been others for whom the claim of a virgin birth has been made. But such a claim could not have rescued Jesus from the bonds of death. Instead, we might have gone on saying, "We had hoped it might be he who would redeem Israel."

That the Church has failed in discharging its obligation as the representative of God must be admitted, even by its greatest admirers. Also, that it has fallen short of its destiny again and again is true. But no other institution could have survived as it has, and no other institution could have risen again after so many tragic failures.

Something of the spirit of the Resurrection of Jesus has filtered down into the life of the Church itself. If this be not so, then there is no explanation of the Church.

Indeed, each time a Christian rises from trespasses and sin, we can know that here is at least one small element of the Resurrection.

There's a Human Side to the UN, Too!

By HUGH FOOT



IT IS A long way from the New York East River to the narrow lanes of my own West Country. Here the world of the United Nations in which I was absorbed for nearly a year and a half seems very remote. But still vivid in my mind are impressions of the people with whom I worked, and I rejoice in recollection of one of the most exciting experiences of my life.

I think of the tense debates in the crowded Security Council—on Cuba, the Congo, Kashmir, Kuwait, and other issues—some of them watched by millions of people on television. I think, too, of the long hours and the strong feelings of the Fourth Committee, and the arguments in the Trusteeship Council and the Committee of Seventeen. But the impressions uppermost in my mind are not of councils, and committees, and international relations but of personal relations and personal friendships. Among the confusion of conflicting policies and competing power, personalities play a vital part.

Presidents, prime ministers, and foreign ministers come and go. They come for many reasons, but partly because they have to. No country, however powerful, can disregard the United Nations now, though some would like to.

Some of the great world figures look rather ill at ease in the glare of the General Assembly, a little awkward in the unfamiliar procedure, puzzled by this new influence in world affairs which they cannot control and cannot yet fully assess or even understand.

A few have made a special effort to win United Nations support. The foreign minister of Belgium, Paul-Henri Spaak,¹ sat for three weeks in the humble Fourth Committee early last year and, by a great effort of understanding and patience and eloquence, achieved a triumph for himself and his country.

¹ See *Europe Is Pulling Together*, January, 1959, page 15.—Eds.

As United Kingdom ambassador to the UN, Sir Hugh Foot prized his friendships with Arabs, Africans, Asians, South Americans, even with Russians. He found one Communist fierce in debate, but also a man of tremendous wit and charm.

Others like Krishna Menon of India and Wuchuku of Nigeria, though so different in other things, obviously enjoy the United Nations limelight, and often could be seen surrounded by groups of their officials and associates delighting to cause a stir.

But it is the permanent delegations which carry the constant strain and keep up with the pace of the crises, big and small, which somersault over one another in daily succession. The heads of these missions are the men who matter most. What a variety of talent and character they bring to the life of the United Nations!

To mention only a few:

Sir Zafrulla Khan of Pakistan, the present president of the Assembly, precise and strong in the confidence of his great experience.

Boland of Ireland, one of the select band of former presidents of the Assembly, genial, shrewd, independent.

Quaison-Sackey of Ghana, often extreme in his contentions but widely respected and liked for his unfailing good humor, sincerity, and skill.

Chief Adebbo of Nigeria, recognized as a man of principle and determination.

Pachachi of Iraq, a brilliant and respected advocate.

Schurmann of the Netherlands, who has come through the turmoil of the Dutch dispute with Indonesia with an enhanced reputation as a diplomat of great good sense and goodwill.

Sir James Plimsoll of Australia, whose devotion to the United Nations, fairness of judgment, and sympathy and understanding have created for him a unique position of influence and authority.

What a privilege it was to be associated with such men! It is men like these who, by their personal qualities, have served not only their own countries so well but also have done invaluable service to the United Nations. Possibly more important still is the effect of their advice on their own governments, for the advice going back day by day from the delegations in New York to more than a hundred capitals—advice usually directed toward understanding and compromise and conciliation—has become a new and powerful influence in world affairs.

New York has become the diplomatic center of the world. Every international crisis or disaster or threat, every shift of world power or policy has an immediate reflection and reaction in the United Nations. No wonder that many of the smaller nations have decided to concentrate their overseas representation there, rather than in a lot of expensive embassies in capitals.

Adlai Stevenson spoke for many of us when he said, "I believe that what is happening day by day at the United Nations represents the most challenging, the most original, and the most exhilarating work being done by man today."

These heads of mission are the big men. For the rest of us, working members of the delegations, there were hundreds of other delegates to meet, and know, and work with every day from all the 109 member countries—and you had to know them well.

Who could you trust? Who had special influence with his delegation or with his government? Who could you turn to for information and for guidance? Who would give you an answer in a hurry? A good United Nations delegate should be on terms of easy personal

association with almost every person he sees in the UN.

In this crowded world of personal associations, hectic discussions, and urgent negotiations, personal friendships spring up on every side—sometimes in unexpected soil. All my working life I have dealt with Arabs, Africans, and West Indians. Now I found new friends among Asians, South Americans, even among Russians.

Oberemko, my opposite number in the Soviet delegation, though fierce and dangerous in debate and though he advocated policies which I thought utterly misguided, had wit, and charm, and outstanding ability. It is a good thing from our point of view, I am sure, that he now has left the United Nations on transfer back to Moscow; but I enjoyed being in daily controversy and conflict with him. I said in the Trusteeship Council that we felt "an admiration and affection for him—the kind of admiration and affection that the toreador feels for the bull."

Then, apart from the delegates, there are the members

"The new men in international affairs . . . are not airy idealists. They have to be severely practical. They cannot afford to be perfectionists. . . . Ideal solutions are often out of reach. . . . But it is motive that matters."

of the United Nations secretariat. I myself never knew Dag Hammarskjöld except for meeting him when I arrived in New York and later going to see him just before he set out on his ill-fated journey to Africa.² It seemed impossible that anyone could fill the gap which he left. But now U Thant—so different in temperament and method—has already established himself with dignity, and courage, and steadiness in a personal position of almost equivalent stature and authority.

He has around him a team of able and devoted men—on the political side, men like Ralph Bunche (United States), Narasimhan (India), Omar Lutfi (United Arab Republic), and my old friend, Amachree (Nigeria), with General Rikhye (India) advising on military matters. He is, moreover, assisted by a brilliant body of men who lead the United Nations economic and development enterprises.

These are the new men in international affairs. They are free from all interest and purpose except that of peaceful conciliation. They are concerned not with national power and gain but with international advantage. They are, of course, fallible and sometimes mistaken; but the tests they apply are new tests. They seek to clear the way for mankind through the jungle of power politics and national selfishness. They look for support from us all, and they know that they can rely most surely on the weak, and the poor, and the small nations—it is the new nations who look most

² Mr. Hammarskjöld's last published article, *The UN Is Here to Stay*, appeared in *TOGETHER*, October, 1961, page 23.—Eds.



1957: Sir Hugh (left) sympathizes with a Cypriot mother.

A Matter of Conscience

BECAUSE he "could not with a clear conscience speak in support" of his government's central African policies, Sir Hugh Foot resigned as the United Kingdom's ambassador to the United Nations late last year. The decision is not surprising, for he was reared in a "good Methodist home." His father, a long-time member of Parliament, also was a lay preacher.

Warmth of personality, good humor, a sense of justice, and Christian optimism have marked his distinguished 33-year career in Britain's colonial service. His most noteworthy achievements were in Nigeria, Jamaica, and Cyprus—always in times of great turmoil.

As acting governor of Nigeria, 1947-51, when the clamor for self-government was rising to a screeching pitch, Sir Hugh recognized the rights of the Africans and lost no time in training Nigerians for responsible positions. Going directly to the people, he won their confidence and generously helped them. As a result of his dedication to freedom, independence found Nigeria well staffed by educated, capable leaders.

As governor of Jamaica, Sir Hugh again displayed his skill in tackling both economic distress and political unrest. Finding widespread unemployment, poverty, and financial chaos upon his arrival in 1951, he called in specialists, enlisted private capital, instituted farming improvements, and revitalized industries. This not only lifted the island out of a depression, but put a strong foundation under what later became the British Caribbean Federation.

It was largely Sir Hugh's perseverance in negotiations—plus his personal appeals—which brought all parties together during the final years of British rule over the strategic Mediterranean island of Cyprus. He managed to check bombings and killings by terrorists, while preventing the rival Turkish and Greek sympathizers from massacring each other. And when he turned authority over to officials of the new Republic of Cyprus on August 16, 1960, he sailed away to the cheers of a grateful populace.

—HERBERT E. LANGENDORFF

eagerly to the United Nations to protect them and to help them.

These new men are not airy idealists. They have to be severely practical. They cannot afford to be perfectionists. Problems are not brought to them until others have failed. Usually they have to make the best of a bad job. Ideal solutions are often far out of reach. In the Congo, in Dutch New Guinea, in the question of the future of the Palestine refugees, for instance, they have no power to achieve all they wished. But it is motive that matters. And now there is this band of picked men constantly searching for an impartial initiative to keep the peace and, more important still, to find positive remedies for problems which, if ignored, will fester into conflict.

So now at the United Nations we see three forces at work. First, the secretary general and his team bringing a new independent initiative to world problems. Second, the new nations, intent on keeping the United Nations effective and looking to it for help in their manifold troubles. Third, we have the big powers forced to confront one another in open argument and unable to ride roughshod over the judgment of the rest. Time and again, the Russians, for instance, have had to alter course in order not to flout Afro-Asian opinion.

Britain's foreign secretary, Lord Home, told the General Assembly last year that the world survives in "a stalemate of fear." Sometimes it seems that the best we can hope for is to preserve that stalemate. The only hope, it seems to me, of escaping from such a miserable and barren future is the expectation that the United Nations will become stronger, that the initiative of the secretary general will win gathering support, and that the United Nations will be able to turn increasingly from disputes and conflicts to its biggest task of all: the campaign against ignorance and disease and poverty.³

In his last annual report, U Thant said:

"The present division of the world into rich and poor countries is, in my opinion, much more real and much more serious, and ultimately much more explosive than the division of the world on ideological grounds."

For me, the association with all the exciting work going on in New York has been a thrilling experience. The early-morning rush to read all the telegrams coming in during the night, the quick, cheerful morning conference with our own delegation, then off to the United Nations building. (What a delightful building it is, and how fortunate we were to spend most of our working hours in such a beautiful place!)

Then the daylong sittings in the committees, the debates which so often flare up into excitement without warning, the dash back to headquarters through the evening traffic to send the reporting telegrams and ask for instructions for the next day, and the searching out of delegates at the evening parties and dinners to continue the discussions and arguments of the day into the night.

Immersed in these daily activities, I believe that all of us who had the exciting experience of this strange work share the faith that the United Nations is in some sense both the heart and the hope of mankind.

³ Some of these ideas were among those expressed by Carlos P. Romulo, former General Assembly president, in *The UN Needs More Muscle*, November, 1957, page 15, and *How the UN Can Help Now!* September, 1960, page 14.—Eds.

Out of Habit

She was in church, but instead of hymns she heard singing birds. A warm breeze interrupted the responsive reading, and a sunbeam outshone the sermon.

By DANA BROOKINS



IT WAS one of those mornings when I went to church merely out of habit. I sang the hymns, but the only song I heard was that of a bird warbling his praise of a beautiful day. I joined in the responsive reading, but the message floated away on a warm breeze. When I sat back to listen to the sermon, a dancing sunbeam spirited my attention away. Spring beckoned, and I accepted the invitation.

Soon my eyes betrayed my wandering mind. I found myself studying the people about me. There was the small figure of the minister's wife. She listened with pride in her eyes and a gentle, encouraging smile. Once she grimaced ever so slightly, and I knew her husband had made some mistake, probably a small one that no one else even noticed.

Behind her sat The Dowager. Many churches have one—prim and proud. Our dowager tries to hide from herself the evidence that she

cannot buy precious time. Today her face was absent of make-up and lined with pain.

She had just learned that her only son—her pride, the only real life she had—was dying of cancer. Her frightened eyes were rooted beseechingly on the pastor's face. Help me to understand, they begged. For the first time in all the years of our distant acquaintance, my heart moved out to her in pity.

In front of me sat a wrinkled couple—the woman with an impossible yellow feather in her hat and a perky tilt to her head, her husband blind, but silver-haired and handsome as he listened intently to the sermon. Once, the woman turned half toward him, smiling, and he reached over unerringly to pat her hand.

Time wears kindly in these two good faces, I thought. Many times life had dealt them blows they could not have weathered without their

love. I turned my face to my husband for an instant. He squeezed my hand and I felt a cozy glow.

Across the aisle sat a former friend of mine. We had recently had words over some silly disagreement I could not even recall, but we had stopped speaking. She had arrived late at church, and I was sure she had not wanted to sit near me. The strain of being there showed in the rigidity of her spine.

I didn't realize that I was staring, but suddenly she turned frowning dark eyes on me. I smiled—quite accidentally, since I had no intention of smiling—and saw the tenseness leave her taut lips. Her eyes lightened as she returned my smile with a reassuring wink. It was a long moment before my eyes took up their wandering again.

A child behind me began to fidget, toes tapping rhythmically at the back of my pew. I rummaged in my purse, came up with a pencil stub, and turned to hand it to the lad along with my bulletin. He wrinkled his nose mischievously; his mother grinned at me and jabbed him lightly with her elbow.

The tall, frosted-glass windows lining the sanctuary were open slightly at the bottom, and I was tracing the shapes of the small leaves on the bushes that peeped over the sill when suddenly I was aware the sermon had ended. I bowed my head for the closing prayer and benediction, and moments later we stepped out into the sunshine.

"You weren't with us today," my husband chided gently.

Oh, indeed I was, I whispered inwardly, and quite truthfully.

From a modern shepherd, he learned the depth of meaning of David's ancient words.

The Basque Sheepherder

By JAMES K. WALLACE

OLD FERANDO D'Alfonso was a Basque herder employed by a big Nevada sheep outfit. He was rated as one of the best sheep rangers in the state, and rightly so, for back of him were at least 20 generations of Iberian shepherds.

But D'Alfonso was more than a sheepherder; he was a patriarch of his guild, the traditions and secrets of which have been handed down from generation to generation. Despite a long absence from his homeland, he was, when I knew him, still full of the legends, the mysteries, the religious fervor of his native hills.

I sat with him one night under the clear, starry skies, his sheep bedded down beside a sparkling pool of water. As we were preparing to curl up in our blankets, he suddenly began a dissertation in a jargon of Greek and Basque. When he had finished, I asked him what he had said. In reply, he began to quote in English the 23rd Psalm. There on the desert I learned the shepherd's literal interpretation of this beautiful poem.

"David and his ancestors," said D'Alfonso, "knew sheep and their ways, and David has translated a sheep's musing into simple words. The daily repetition of this Psalm fills the sheepherder with reverence for his calling. Our guild takes this poem as a lodestone to guide us. It is our bulwark when the days are hot or stormy, when the nights are dark, when wild animals surround our bands.

"Many of its lines are the statements of the simple requirements and actual duties of a Holy Land shepherd, whether he lives today or followed the same calling 6,000 years ago. Phrase by phrase, it has a well-understood meaning for us."

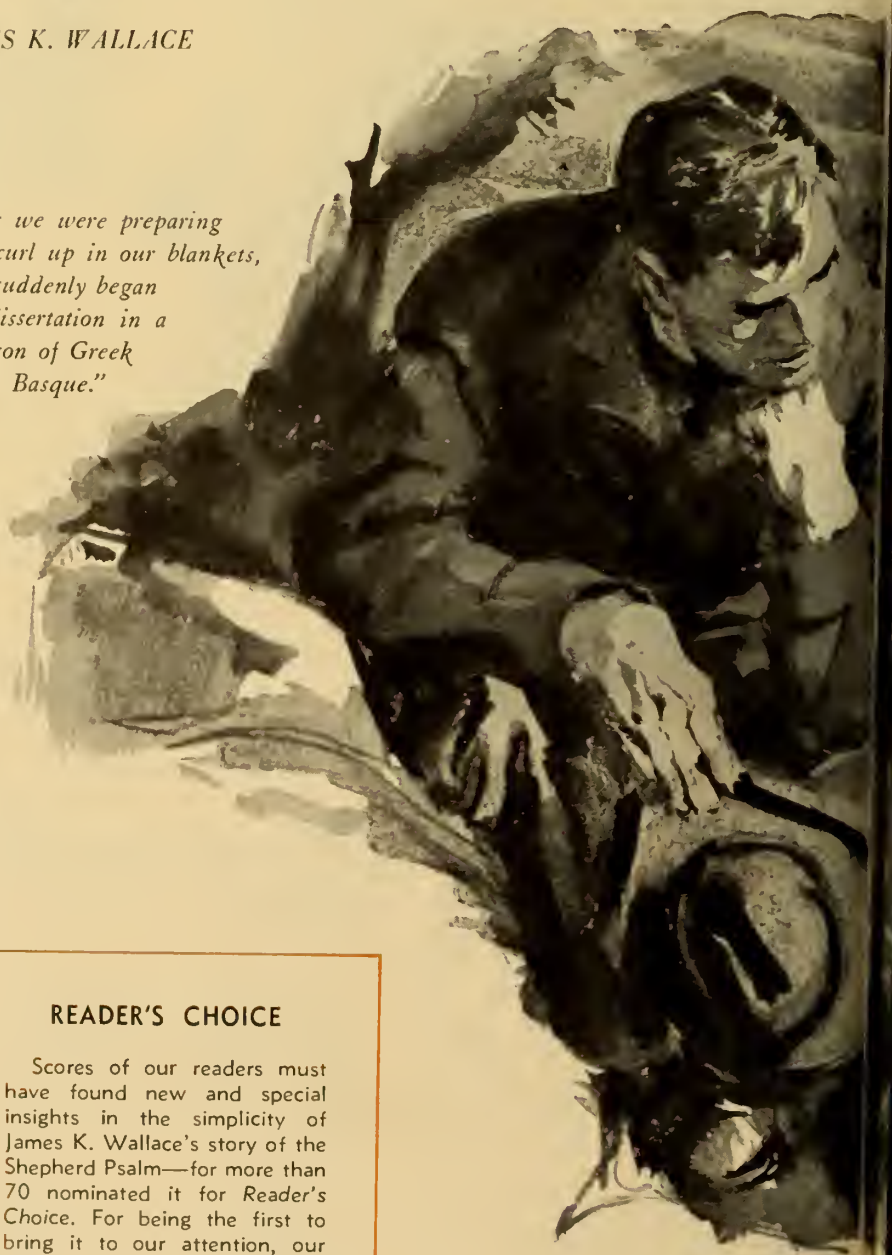
"As we were preparing to curl up in our blankets, he suddenly began a dissertation in a jargon of Greek and Basque."

READER'S CHOICE

Scores of our readers must have found new and special insights in the simplicity of James K. Wallace's story of the Shepherd Psalm—for more than 70 nominated it for Reader's Choice. For being the first to bring it to our attention, our thanks and the monthly \$25 Reader's Choice award go to Miss Wilda W. Walkeep of Fergus Falls, Minn. *The Basque Sheepherder and the Shepherd Psalm* first appeared in *National Wool Grower* in December, 1949, and was condensed in *Reader's Digest* in June, 1950. (Copyright, 1950, by the Reader's Digest Association, Inc., reprinted with permission.)—Eds.

*The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.*

"Sheep instinctively know," said D'Alfonso, "that before they have been folded for the night the shepherd has planned out their grazing for the morrow. It may be that he will take them back over the same range; it may be that he will go to a new grazing ground. They do not



and the Shepherd Psalm



resting in such happy surroundings feel contentment."

*He leadeth me beside
the still waters.*

"Every shepherd knows," said the Basque, "that sheep will not drink gurgling water. There are many small springs high in the hills of the Holy Land, whose waters run down the valleys only to evaporate in the desert sun. Although the sheep need the water, they will not drink from these fast-flowing streams. The shepherd must find a place where rocks or erosion have made a little pool, or else he fashions with his hands a pocket sufficient to hold at least a bucketful."

*He restoreth my soul: he leadeth
me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.*

"In the Holy Land," went on D'Alfonso, "each sheep takes his place in the grazing line in the morning and keeps the same position throughout the day. Once during the day, however, each sheep leaves its place and goes to the shepherd. Whereupon the shepherd stretches out his hand and rubs the animal's

worry. His guidance has been good in the past, and they have faith in the future, because they know he has their well-being in view."

*He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures.*

"Sheep graze from around 3:30 in the morning until about 10. They then lie down for three or four hours and rest," said D'Alfonso. "When

they are contentedly chewing their cuds, the shepherd knows they are putting on fat. Consequently, the good shepherd starts his flock out in the early hours on the rougher herbage, moving on through the morning to the richer, sweeter grasses, and finally coming to a shady place for the forenoon rest in fine green pastures, best grazing of the day. Sheep

Of One Blood

"You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

That's how the great commandment says it. Here's how the same concept is expressed by other religions throughout the world:

Judaism: "What is hateful to you, do not to your fellow man. That is the entire law; all the rest is commentary."

Confucianism: "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

Buddhism: "Hurt not others in ways that you yourself would find hurtful."

Islam: "No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself."

Brahmanism: "This is the sum of duty: Do nought unto others which would cause you pain if done to you."

Taoism: "Regard your neighbor's gain as your own gain, and your neighbor's loss as your own loss."

Zoroastrianism: "That nature alone is good which refrains from doing unto others whatsoever is not good for itself."

—SHIRLEY M. LINDE

nose and ears, scratches its chin, whispers affectionately into its ears. The sheep, meanwhile, rubs against his leg or, if the shepherd is sitting down, nibbles at his ear and rubs its cheek against his face. After a few minutes of this communion with the master, the sheep returns to its place in the feeding line."

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

"There is an actual Valley of the Shadow of Death in Palestine, and every shepherd from Spain to Dalmatia knows of it. It is south of the Jericho road leading from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, and it is a narrow defile through a mountain range. Climatic and grazing conditions make it necessary for the sheep to be moved through this valley for seasonal feeding each year.

"The valley is four and a half miles long. Its side walls are over 1,500 feet high in places, and it is only 10 or 12 feet wide at the bottom. Travel through the valley is dangerous because its floor has gullies seven or eight feet deep. Actual footing on solid rock is so narrow in many places that a sheep cannot turn around; and it is an unwritten law of shepherds that flocks must go up the valley in the morning and down in the evening, lest flocks meet in the defile.

"About halfway through the valley the walk crosses from one side to the other at a place where the path is cut in two by an eight-foot gully. One side of the gully is about 18 inches higher than the other; the sheep must jump across it. The shepherd stands at this break and coaxes or forces the sheep to make the leap. If a sheep slips and lands in the gully, the shepherd's rod is brought into play. The old-style crook circles a large sheep's neck or a small sheep's chest and the animal is lifted to safety. If a more modern narrow crook is used, the sheep is caught about the hoofs and lifted up to the walk.

"Many wild dogs lurk in the shadows of the valley, looking for prey. The shepherd, skilled in throwing his staff, uses it as a weapon. Thus the sheep have learned to fear no evil even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, for their master is there to protect them from harm."

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

"David's meaning is a simple one," said D'Alfonso, "when conditions on the Holy Land sheep ranges are known. Poisonous plants which are fatal to grazing animals abound. Each spring the shepherd must be constantly alert. When he finds the plants, he takes his mattock and goes on ahead of the flock, grubbing out every stock and root he can see. As he digs out the stocks, he lays them upon little stone pyres, some of which were built by shepherds in Old Testament days, and by the morrow they are dry enough to burn. When the pasture is free from poisonous plants, the sheep are led into it and, in the presence of their plant enemies, they eat in peace."

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"At every sheepfold there is a big earthen bowl of olive oil and a large jar of water. As the sheep come in for the night, they are led to a gate. The shepherd lays his rod across the top of the gateway just above the backs of his sheep. As each sheep passes, he quickly examines it for briars in the ears, snags in the cheek, or weeping of the eyes from dust or scratches. When such conditions are found, he drops the rod across the sheep's back and it steps out of line.

"Each sheep's wounds are carefully cleaned. Then the shepherd dips his hands into the olive oil and anoints the injury. A large cup is dipped into the jar of water, kept cool by evaporation in the unglazed pottery, and is brought out—never half full but always overflowing. The sheep will sink its nose into the water clear to the eyes, if fevered, and drink until fully refreshed.

"When all the sheep are at rest, the shepherd places his staff within reach in case it is needed during the night. Then he wraps himself in his woolen robe and lies down across the gateway, facing the sheep.

"So," concluded D'Alfonso, "after all the care and protection the shepherd has given it, a sheep may well soliloquize in the twilight, as translated into words by David:

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The ANSWER

"Whom say ye that I am?" Ah, still today
The vital question sounds upon the air.
God grant that all who hear may heed and say,
"Thou art the Christ," and cry it everywhere;
That those who know him not may find a light
By which to move through any darkened land,
May learn to walk by faith, and not by sight,
Safeguarded by the Christ's unfailing hand.

"Thou art the Christ!" More certain than the sun
That takes its steadfast journey through the skies,
The Christ of old still lives—he is the One
Who has the power to open holden eyes;
The power to set imprisoned spirits free
For time, and for a blest eternity.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL



Lines for an Early Easter

The desolation of the wood
Is symbol of His solitude.
From the trees the leaves are shorn;
The seamless robe from Him was torn.
There a thornbush, here a tree,
Whence a cross for One of three.
And a storm cloud is a pall,
The three-hour darkness over all.

Lord, forgive my unbelief—
Here in embryo a leaf.

—CHARLOTTE MANN

SUBLIMATION

*I took my flowers to the accustomed place
And wreathed them cunningly into a crown
In praise of stone, and laid my offering down;
Then I as carefully arranged my face
To express the wistfulness of grief—a trace
Of hope confused with resignation; knelt
Beside the cenotaph . . . and all I felt
Was a lonely wind blowing in empty space.*

*I took my flowers to a children's ward
Where pain in separate little packets lay
Frightened and silent. Flowers I could spare;
Flowers and sympathy I could afford.
But as I gave, the stone was moved away . . .
And you were there; I know that you were there.*

—EVELYN TOOLEY HUNT

*This era of rising rents and high real-estate costs,
plus the difficulties in meeting the needs
of varying sizes of ministers' families and changing
ideas in housing, revives the question . . .*



MIDMONTH
POWWOW

Is the PARSONAGE SYSTEM *Obsolete?*



YES . . . Grover C. Bagby, executive secretary, Southern California-Arizona Conference Board of Education, criticizes stresses it causes and lists five reasons why he feels it should be abandoned.

The minister's wife is normally the first to notice such needs. She informs her husband, and he informs the parsonage committee. Differences of opinion can develop, particularly when the parsonage is not adequate to begin with, and more particularly when the church finances are not in the best shape. If the minister's leadership is somewhat unpopular with certain committee members anyway, unpleasant tension can arise between the minister and the parsonage committee.

Ministers are not supposed to be selfish, so when they ask for things like wallpaper and paint and chairs, it may appear that such men are not very "noble type" ministers.

In order to avoid bickering with a parsonage committee or an official board which drags its heels, a minister oftentimes makes no more than a feeble effort to better his housing conditions. When this happens, it becomes apparent to the minister's wife that her husband is sacrificing his family's welfare. Thus, whatever he does is wrong: to keep peace at home he must declare war at church; to keep peace at church he must wrangle at home.

This situation could be avoided were local churches to allow ministers to choose their own housing. A rental allowance would make this possible. At the same time it would solve other problems.

Under the parsonage system, it is not only the minister whose patience

THE PARSONAGE system has had its day. Its disadvantages now outweigh its advantages. It should be scrapped.

The disadvantages are at least five. The parsonage sometimes creates tensions between the minister and local church officials. It creates irritation between the minister and his wife. It perpetuates the image of the minister as an object of charity. It denies the minister the choice of housing suitable to his family's particular needs. Finally, it denies him the possibility of buying his own home, thus of building a housing equity over the years.

The advantages are two. It usually enables the local church to save on the minister's salary, and it allows for easier movement of ministers from one place to another.

The primary disadvantage lies in the psychological, emotional, and personal problems it creates. The problem is not mere physical discomfort for him and his family. It may be seen in the following analysis.

The minister's employer is the local church—even though technically the annual conference employs him. Under the parsonage system, the employer is also the landlord. The local pastoral-relations committee calls the minister to account for the way he works, while the parsonage committee calls him to account for the way he lives in his home.

A minister's relationship to his congregation is delicate and complicated enough without the added stresses and strains of a landlord-tenant relationship. There are bound to be tensions between employer and employee, even in the church. There are likewise unavoidable tensions between landlord and tenant. Putting these tensions together in the parsonage system is neither helpful nor intelligent, even though the system may have served better purposes in the different day of the frontier.

Every house needs repair from time to time. Furniture needs maintenance and sometimes replacement.

can be sorely tried. The same trial often comes to parsonage committees. So long as the church is a landlord, it will have to deal with tenant problems. Many parsonage committees do everything in their power to make the minister and his family comfortable in the parsonage. They say, "As long as you are our minister, this is your home." They mean it. The trouble is, it just cannot be so.

Many a minister's family is doomed to living in a house that was designed to accommodate a family of a different size. Small families in large houses and large families in bungalows are commonplace.

When a new minister comes to a church, there is surely a better way of housing him than that which requires him to fit his family into whatever size and style parsonage the local church happens to own. An adequate rental allowance would permit the minister and his wife to choose housing to suit their particular needs and tastes within their means.

The economic side of the parsonage system also irks lots of ministers. On the face of it, the parsonage system would seem to be a convenient arrangement for them—free housing! Ministers do not need coddling. Most of them resent the assumption that the parsonage is free housing. The financial value of housing is part of the total salary. It cannot be called free except in the case of the minister who does not earn his salary.

What ministers really need and what they want is to be paid a fair salary, including enough money to provide adequate housing for their families.

There is another economic aspect of the problem. The minister who lives in parsonages during the 40 or so years of his career winds up with nothing of his own in the way of housing unless he has managed to save something, or unless he has affluent and generous relatives. A glance at the average salary level of ministers will make it clear why most ministers do not manage to invest much in real estate. A rental allowance could open the door for a minister to begin purchasing his own home.

The minister would still need a down payment and, when he moves

to another parish, he would have to sell one house and buy another. So rental allowance does not guarantee that a minister could or would buy a home, but it would open the door.

A great advantage of a rental-allowance system lies in its flexibility. It would allow at least three different choices: first, a minister could purchase his own home; second, he could rent; and third, he might ask local church officials to rent a home for him.

There is one obvious disadvantage of a rental-allowance system. Would a minister-homeowner face difficulties in buying and selling a house under time pressure? If a minister comes to his annual conference not knowing that he is to be moved, he may appear to face financial loss in hurriedly selling one house and buying another. Examination will show this problem is less serious than we might suppose.

In the first place, only ministers who own their homes will face this problem. For renters, moving will be no more difficult under a rental-allowance system than it is under the parsonage system.

In the second place, the unusual problem a home-owning minister would face at the time of moving is time pressure. To my knowledge, there is nothing sacred about the traditional practice in Methodism of moving right after the close of annual conference. Is there any reason why a month might not ensue between the announcement of appointments and the taking of those appointments?

Another point: the practical economic lessons to be learned in renting or in buying and selling would have positive value for the minister. To move out from under the "social security" of the parsonage system into the rental-allowance "private enterprise" system could have a salutary effect upon the minister.

A sizable number of ministers are even now renting or purchasing their homes. In my own conference (Southern California-Arizona) 89 out of a total of 554 ministers currently are receiving rental allowances. Some of these 89 are buying homes. Many are getting along well under the rental allowance system, and there seems little evidence that



"And this is your parsonage, Rev. Jones. It's a town landmark!"

buying and selling houses presents difficult problems.

There may be those who fear some fatality would set into Methodism if we should end the do-it-for-them system of housing for ministers, and substitute a do-it-yourself system of rental allowances. Perhaps this concern arises out of the view that ministers have their heads in the clouds so that they are incapable when it comes to the buying and selling of

homes in the world of profit and loss.

It is time to scotch this fear. Ministers do not need to be protected from the "real" world by a parsonage system. They do not want so to be protected. When it comes to the choice of a home, they would like to be free to choose their own. A system of rental allowances would allow this. In contrast, the parsonage system has few virtues and many liabilities. It ought to be scrapped.

NO . . . His own experience in parsonages, as a renter, and also a homeowner, proves the system contributes subtle benefits for minister and congregation, says **Webb Garrison**, pastor of Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis, Ind.



SINCE entering full-time Christian service, my wife and I have occupied 15 residences. Eight were provided for us: seven parsonages and the president's home at McKendree College. But in seven cases we made our own arrangements for housing: four rented apartments and three purchased homes.

There's hardly any floor plan or type of heating we haven't tried. We have dealt with landlords, finance companies, the Federal Housing Administration, and parsonage committees of every type from the four-point circuit to the major-city downtown church. Once or twice we were so crowded we could hardly turn around, and, in a couple of instances, we had enough room to take in lodgers.

Which of these 15 arrangements was ideal? Nary a one!

From a parsonage bought years ago for a family of different size and tastes to a ranch-style home of our own that the builder said was designed "just for us," we have found flaws and inconveniences. Yet joyous memories are linked with even the most dilapidated and ill-arranged abodes.

The chief significance of the parsonage system stems from values and goals not identical with those that dominate our culture. In our time, we have elevated the physical con-

text that shelters a family to levels far higher than those of any previous culture. Though we spend less and less time at home, we give more and more importance to house-linked status symbols that have little if anything to do with the actual business of living.

I'd like to stress the unique role of the house-owned-by-the-congregation. We Methodists call such a dwelling place for a minister and his family a *parsonage*. Presbyterians prefer the term *manse*, and Episcopalians lean toward *rectory*.

The very use of special titles for such residences has subtle but profound effects. Both for their temporary occupants and for the community at large, the parsonage is set aside. It is different and special—unique. Consequently it gives important support to the view that the persons who live in that house are in some manner and to some degree "set apart."

I know there is a trend in our time to abolish all distinctions between clergy and laity. Perhaps this reflects the almost complete evaporation of any recognition of the priestly role of the minister—who, as a result, is often barren of supernatural resources for life's crises. Doubtless the move to regard a minister as a man just like anybody else is also a concession to his own desire to be

understood and accepted by people.

This point of view certainly demands a hard second look. There have been periods of otherworldliness in which men of God were at such a distance from the rank and file that it was difficult to bridge the gulf between them. The swing of the pendulum today has brought such a shift toward fraternization and abolition of distinctions that it is not always easy to identify a minister by his dress, personal habits, basic goals, or way of life.

Abolition of the parsonage system would further reduce the distinctiveness of the clergyman and his role in the community. If we ever approach the point at which he becomes simply a paid employee of the congregation, not recognizably different from employees of business and industry except for the fact that he works for a church instead of a store or factory, we may as well dissolve all our congregations.

Effects of the parsonage are not limited to the minister and the community at large. No wife or child can live in a parsonage without being influenced by its special nature. This is the root of much objection to the system.

Admitting that there are instances in which tyrannical or stingy officials have made parsonage life all but unendurable, it yet remains true that in the main the boys and girls who have grown up in parsonages have been remarkably successful in many fields. With all its negative and inhibiting factors, parsonage life yields rich personality dividends that stem at least in part from the fact that every member of the family is continually aware of being set apart.

As a special aspect of this isolation in the parsonage, the wage earner and head of the family never forgets that he is a tenant with a short-term claim upon the property. He is subject to new assignment—and a different parsonage—at any session of the annual conference. He is but a sojourner. His roots never go so deep that he feels completely at home. He does not own the property and does not have full control of it. He can and will find equal joy and satisfaction in serving and living elsewhere, if the workings of Providence and the congregation's committee on pastoral relations should so ordain.

In a special sense, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* summarizes the whole Christian enterprise in its title. Not being permanent residents in this material world, we are doing our best to progress toward an eternal home. Not simply ministers and their families, but *all* Christians desperately need to reawaken and cultivate this sense of being aliens in a world that is dominated by secular values. We need to regard ourselves as being on the move toward a higher and better realm.

If such an outlook is basic to a genuinely transforming Christian experience, and I submit that such is the case, then it follows that the clergyman—of all men—is least in need of security through home ownership. On the contrary, he needs desperately to use every possible resource to cultivate and clarify that more-than-earthly orientation which will enable him joyously to sing: "I am a stranger here, a pilgrim in this barren land. . . ."

I am not suggesting that such a viewpoint should be peculiar to the clergy. It is just as essential to laymen in their pilgrimage. Unless the shep-

herd of the flock has a sense of being in exile until he is at home with God, then, God help us, there's little likelihood that the sheep will be stirred to lift their heads from contentedly grazing in pleasant pastures of 20th-century Western culture.

So the real hub of the parsonage issue, in my opinion, is a set of religious and spiritual values. Everything else is secondary and derived, relatively unimportant.

Yet viewed strictly from the standpoint of business, the parsonage system is basic to operation of The Methodist Church. At the same time, it raises the level of the real income (cash plus benefits) of Methodist ministers.

It is wishful thinking to suggest that a pastor and his family can rent or buy comparable quarters for the same money with which a tax-free house can be provided by the congregation.

Nor is it realistic to propose that use of a housing allowance to buy property would preserve the fluid nature of our appointive system. There are times and communities in which a man moved by his bishop

could find a quick sale for his home. There are other situations in which months of delay and substantial losses would be involved.

Let just a few men suffer by forced sale of homes when transferred to other appointments, and all of our Methodist ministers would become gun-shy.

Then the problems of appointments would multiply, and already-harried official boards would be saddled with the job of selling a house every few years—with the unwritten understanding that the congregation would absorb any loss.

Granted that there are major problems involved in the parsonage system, some of which might be temporarily alleviated by its abolition in favor of a system of housing allowances. Yet I submit that in terms of dollars and manpower alone, the parsonage system beats any alternative that can be devised. Add to this the far more important effects upon outlook of congregations, ministers, and their families, and we have in the parsonage system a basic contributor to the power of The Methodist Church at work in the world.

The First Methodist Parsonage

IF THE first regular preachers at Wesley Chapel in New York City had not been bachelors, maybe we American Methodists would not be putting furniture and other household items into our parsonages today.

It was in 1770 that members of the Methodist Society in New York decided to turn the little Dutch-style house beside their chapel at 44 John Street into a home for Joseph Pilmoor and Richard Boardman.

The two ministers, both unmarried, had been sent from England as missionaries to the Colonies and were serving in Philadelphia and New York, exchanging pulpits every three to five months and preaching in the surrounding countryside as well.

The first parsonage was roughly built, inside as well as out, and was "cold as a barn" in winter. Nevertheless, society members, particularly the women, did their best to make it home-like. Mrs. Benninger and Mrs. Jarvis hung curtains in the parlor. Mrs. Heckey brought in a Windsor chair and cushion—high style in those days.

The tea chest and cannister came from Mrs. Leadbetter, the copper teakettle from Mrs. Charles White. There were nine pictures on the walls, a red rug on the floor. All in all, 23 people gave or lent things to furnish this first American home for a Methodist minister. Only a few items had to be bought.

The ministers boarded with Richard Sause, treasurer and a trustee of the society. However, they had a succession of housekeepers to keep the house neat—not an easy task in those days.

Such a woman was Elizabeth Dickins, affectionately known as Betsy, the first minister's wife to preside over the parsonage. Even Francis Asbury, who was firm in his belief that Methodist ministers should not marry, delighted to visit at John Street when John and Betsy Dickins and their family lived there.

It was at the John Street parsonage, too, that the Dickinses entertained Thomas Coke in 1784. The candles must have burned late and the walls buzzed as the "superintendent" from England unfolded his great commis-



sion from John Wesley to help American Methodists organize as a church.

Perhaps it was those conversations that prompted John Dickins, five years later, in 1789, to put his and Betsy's life savings into the launching of the Methodist Book Concern. Betsy Dickins worked with him and, when he died in Philadelphia in 1798, she was able to help their 18-year-old son Asbury carry on the publishing work.

Many a Methodist minister's wife through the years would have liked to know what Betsy Dickins thought of the way the members decorated that first parsonage. Unfortunately, there is no record.—HELEN JOHNSON



Helping missionaries with their work in Okinawa inspired Marine Robert B. Hill to combine active churchmanship with a military career.

METHODIST MARINE

Robert B. Hill became a church member at 15 in his upstate New York hometown, Norwich. But it was not until he was sent overseas by the U.S. Marine Corps that he began really working at church membership. Assigned to a base on the Pacific island of Okinawa in 1959, Hill was impressed by the work of U.S. missionaries and offered them his help. It was not long before he was conducting worship services, even did lay preaching. With three buddies he "bought, borrowed, and scrounged" lumber, nails, roofing, and tools to rebuild the burned-out house of an aged Okinawan. Through the efforts of Hill and his company commander, their Marine unit adopted an entire village, engineering the airlift of a half ton of rice, soap, candy, clothing, and toys for its residents.

Now assigned to the Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Va., Staff Sergeant Hill continues to be an active churchman. He, his wife Helen, and their five children—Vicki, eight, Robert, Jr., seven, Cindy, six, and twins Marleen and Darleen, four—live at Stafford, Va., and their church is Ebenezer Methodist in nearby Garrisonville. The Marine sergeant is the church lay leader, a MYF counselor, and a member of several commissions. As a certified lay speaker, he often is called to fill pulpits around the Alexandria District.

At Quantico, Sergeant Hill's duties require many hours of drill, study, classroom instruction, and field training, to which he adds one more off-duty activity—membership on the Marine post's judo team.



Tent ropes turn to icicles after seven days of blizzard at 7,000 feet in Alaska's Juneau ice fields. On May 2, Barry Prather and companions will start their assault on Nepal's Mount Everest.

EVEREST CLIMBER

Barry W. Prather will pass his 24th birthday on April 4, but it is doubtful there will be the customary cake with candles. Barry left the U.S. in February—the youngest in a party of 19 mountain-climbing scientists who will attempt history's third ascent of the world's highest mountain—29,028-foot Mount Everest in the Himalayas of Nepal.

Six feet tall, weighing 200 pounds, blond, and rugged, Barry has been climbing since boyhood in the small town of Easton at the foot of Snoqualmie Pass in eastern Washington's Cascade Range. At Ellensburg High School, he excelled in both sports and scholarship. As cocaptain of the football team, he was named an all-state tackle and played in the East-West Washington game. At Ellensburg Methodist Church, he was MYF president and sang bass in the church choir.

On a scholarship as a freshman at Dartmouth College, Barry kept up his mountaineering skills by climbing New Hampshire mountains—and buildings on the Dartmouth campus. Back in Ellensburg at Central Washington State College, he received his BA in physics last June.

While at Dartmouth, Barry met Dr. Maynard M. Miller, and the two worked together for five consecutive summers on glaciological research in the Juneau ice fields of Alaska. Now Dr. Miller is head glaciologist and Barry is his assistant on the Everest expedition.

UNUSUAL Methodists

ASTRONAUT

Leroy Gordon Cooper has had a long wait since April, 1959. It was four years ago this month that Air

Force Major Cooper was announced as one of the first seven U.S. astronauts of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Project Mercury. Since then, space flights have become almost commonplace in the public mind, following spectacular success by Cooper's fellow spacemen. But by far the longest and most grueling flight so far attempted in the U.S. program will be a projected 18-orbit mission, tentatively set for May. The astronaut scheduled to be on board the Mercury capsule: Methodist Gordon Cooper.

The 36-year-old Cooper, a native of Shawnee, Okla., has had a varied military career spanning 18 years of duty around the world. His father, who died in 1960, was an Air Force colonel. It was while the family was living in Hawaii that Gordon met Trudy Olson of Seattle, Wash., a fellow University of Hawaii student. They were married in 1947, and their family now includes two daughters, Camala and Janita. The Coopers last July moved from Hampton, Va., to Houston, Texas, site of the NASA manned space-flight center.

HIS MOTHER

Hattie Cooper has had her eyes on the skies a long time—since her beloved "Gordo," then seven, made

his first flight beside his father in the cockpit of their plane. "I'll never forget *that* day," she recalls.

Today, Mrs. Cooper lives alone in the rustic Colorado mountain home where she and her late husband retired in 1957. Sundays find her in Carbondale, a mile from her home, at the Community Methodist Church which her husband helped to build.

Of her famous son's coming space flight, Mrs. Cooper confides: "Of course I'll be nervous. But I'm certain that if his strength gives out, the good Lord will provide a little more . . . but I'll have no fingernails left."



Standing outside the Mercury spacecraft, Major Gordon Cooper checks equipment in preparation for the longest U.S. space flight yet attempted.

Mrs. Hattie Cooper's warmly expressive face reflects a mother's pride—and concern—for her son.





THOMAS COKE:

An Honored Methodist Name

By W. THOMAS SMITH

Associate Director, Ministerial Recruitment
Division of Higher Education, Board of Education

NO. 7 in a series on OUR METHODIST HERITAGE

THOMAS COKE, the “foreign minister of Methodism,” was a stocky Welshman who stood exactly five feet one inch—three inches shorter than John Wesley.

Portraits suggest his charm. He had glossy black hair, set off by very fair skin, and his lively, dark eyes impressed women and men alike. His voice was eloquent and even rough American frontiersmen softened when he prayed or preached.

Of all Wesley followers, none came so close to being his ideal preacher. None did he trust more. And so responsive was Dr. Coke to opportunities Wesley helped create, he deeply enriched our Methodist heritage at four points:

1. *Organization.* He was our first bishop, and he tried to shape the new church to Wesley's instructions.

2. *Missionary Outreach.* This was Coke's passion. He lost his life while on a mission to India.

3. *Social Justice.* This forthright little Welshman never saw a gray band between right and wrong.

4. *Education.* He fought for it. Methodism's first college bore the print of his name.

Our “little doctor” dreamed great dreams, envisioned tremendous new ideas, and spent most of his 66 years traversing the earth for Christ.

The son of a prosperous physician and magistrate, Thomas Coke was born in Brecon, south Wales, on September 9, 1747. After graduation from Oxford University as a doctor of civil law, he became chief magistrate of his home town. Then, deciding on a church career, he was ordained deacon in the Church of England in 1770, priest in 1772.

Before long, he became distrustful of his spiritual resources, for devout people were depending upon him to lead them to salvation while he himself was unsure

of the way. About this time he became acquainted with Thomas Maxfield, the first Methodist lay preacher, who suggested that Coke read John Wesley's writings. However, just as Peter Bohler's advice long failed to penetrate Wesley's mind almost 35 years earlier [see *Thanks to the Moravians*, January, page 30], so Maxfield's counsel did not get through to Dr. Coke.

Nevertheless, Coke persevered in his quest for the well-being of his soul. Not content with routine duties, he preached at cottage services. One evening while walking toward a meeting place, he prayed for the assurance of God's pardoning love. That same night he comprehended the fullness of salvation through Christ's redemption, which Maxfield had taught.

At once his preaching became ringing. But the worldly people were offended by his summons to spiritual rebirth, while sinners seethed at his demands to reform, so his enemies induced the rector to dismiss him.

About that time, 29-year-old Dr. Coke was introduced to 73-year-old John Wesley. The latter recognized Coke's potential, and for seven years the “little doctor” served as secretary and right-hand man to Wesley. Coke thereafter was shuttling between England and Ireland, making 27 visits in all. He presided at the first Irish Conference in 1782, and continued to oversee the societies there for most of 30 years.

The year 1784 was epochal for Coke and Methodism. The War of Independence over, American Methodists had no ordained clergymen to administer the Sacraments. Heeding appeals (especially from Francis Asbury, whom he had sent over as a lay preacher in 1771), John Wesley, a presbyter of the Anglican Church, at four o'clock in the morning, September 2, 1784, placed his hands on Thomas Coke, setting him apart as General Superintend-

ent to go to America. [See *John Wesley Completes a Decision*, February, page 26.]

Coke's arrival in America was followed by a dramatic meeting with Asbury. From the first, they were in agreement on extending the Gospel in the new nation.

The Christmas Conference in Lovely Lane Chapel, Baltimore, Md., was called, and the Methodist Episcopal Church was born. [See *And So, The Methodist Church Starts*, November, 1959, page 28.] As presiding officer and first general superintendent, Coke ordained Asbury deacon, elder, and then consecrated him general superintendent. [Watch for *Asbury—A Methodist St. Francis*, by Bishop Nolan B. Harmon, in the May issue.]

Coke loved America and his American brethren. "Perhaps I have in this little town baptized more children and adults than I should in my whole life if stationed in an English parish," he once noted in a letter. He spent less than three years in the United States, although he made nine visits. One biographer appraised his work succinctly: "His stay was brief, but no man ever did in so short a time a work so far reaching in its consequences."

The friendship of these two dissimilar individuals—for each was distinctively individual—was very close. Coke almost always supported Asbury; he was appreciative of his rugged fellow superintendent (they called themselves bishops after the Conference of 1788); he encouraged Asbury in all his endeavors and helped him in his writing; and he backed Asbury in establishing the episcopacy. They collaborated in preparing the 10th edition of the *Discipline* (1796-7).

Their only major difference of opinion was over formalism. Coke would have liked to encourage American Methodist preachers to wear robes and bands in the pulpit, but he acceded to Asbury's preference for plain garb and plain worship in plain churches.

BEFORE he traveled to America in 1784, Coke had a major role in an epoch-making event in England—drawing up the Deed of Declaration, British Methodism's Magna Charta. The previous deeds for the then 359 Methodist chapels and preaching houses had left the titles open to question and they made no provision for continuity of Methodist Societies after the founder's death. Coke prepared the document which defined the conference of the "people called Methodists," limited the control to 100 preachers (whom Wesley designated), and prescribed the method of selecting their successors, as well as giving the conference clear titles to real estate.

Thomas Coke stands as "father" of Methodist missions. In January, 1784, he published *A Plan of the Society for the Establishment of Missions Among the Heathens*, a document which deserves a prominent place in the

history of Christian missions. He clearly stated his conviction: believers have a sacred obligation to give Christian witness to all mankind. This was a bold concept in world terms. Beginning with the depressed, unreached groups in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, the Good News was to be taken to remote India and Africa. Calling all interested persons (whatever their church affiliation) to contribute to the plan, Coke put his name at the head of the list.

COKE'S proposal was offered eight years prior to William Carey's¹ voyage to India. It is one of Christendom's earliest documents projecting modern Protestant missions.

Even though Coke's plans were shunted aside, it was not the end of the matter. Possessed of a missionary passion, he gave himself unstintingly to spreading Methodism beyond the seas. He sailed at least 100,000 miles in 100 voyages; he visited the Channel Islands four times, France and Holland once each, the West Indies five times, and the United States nine.

Coke was one of the first ecclesiastical leaders to see the need for missions in Africa. He wrote: "During a series of years we have compelled Africa to weep tears of blood, let us now endeavour to brighten her countenance with smiles of joy, as some compensation for the injuries we have done her."

He was 165 years ahead of the Peace Corps. In 1796, he launched a startling innovation: tradespeople as missionaries. He enlisted carpenters, bricklayers, and farmers to teach vocation as well as to proclaim salvation to the Fula in Sierra Leone, Africa. The initial venture was a heartbreaking failure, due to lack of wisdom in choosing personnel. But Coke learned his lesson, for a second enterprise in 1811 succeeded admirably—a work still being carried on.

In all his travels and missionary projects, Coke financed his own way. By the time of his death, he had given away all his own fortune and those which he inherited from two wives.

He never let an opportunity to extend the Gospel slip away. The fall of the Bastille on July 14, 1789, stirred the hope that social liberty soon would be given to the masses on the European continent.

Alas! He found Paris a city in turmoil—food scarce and prices high, law and order broken down. Thirty-six persons turned out for the initial preaching service by his assistant, and the congregation dwindled to six when Coke preached in French the next day. What is more, he was warned that his life was in peril because foreigners were suspected as being enemies.

Nevertheless, Coke did not give up hope of evangelizing France. Several years later, when Britain joined other European powers in a war against France, he sought to take Methodism to prisoners of war in camps and on ships. In an 1811 letter, outlining plans to send preachers among the captives, he wrote: "What a glorious thing it would be thus to send religion into France!" He himself preached to the prisoners.

¹ William Carey (1761-1834), an English Orientalist and missionary, helped found the Baptist Missionary Society. He first went to India in 1793, and he translated the Scriptures into Asian tongues.—Eds.

Reprints Available of We Believe

Our Methodist Heritage—in which this article is No. 7—was preceded by another 12-article series entitled *We Believe*, now available in a paperback book of that title (Abingdon, 65¢) at all Cokesbury Book Stores.—EDS.

With his multitude of administrative duties, his missionary enterprise, his ceaseless money-raising efforts, his evangelizing, and his preaching, Dr. Coke manifested a deep feeling against injustice anywhere.

The plight of the Negro was of particular concern. That any human being, regardless of color, should be denied the message of God's love marked the height of social sin.

"I bore public testimony against slavery." This statement, made while he was preaching in Virginia, is typical of Coke's attitude and courage. During his first visit to America, he roundly denounced slavery and all those connected with it. He set down, "... I preached the Colonel Bedford's funeral sermon. But I said nothing good of him, for he was a violent friend of slavery."

The diminutive, dapper doctor braved near-riots because of his frank pronouncements. He recorded: "The testimony I bore in this place against slave-holding provoked many of the unawakened to retire out of the barn, and to combine together to flog me . . . A high-headed Lady also went out, and told the rioters . . . she would give 50 pounds if they would give that little

Doctor 100 lashes. When I came out, they surrounded me, but had only the power of talk . . . God restrained the rage of the multitude."

Coke displayed not only fearlessness in his preaching against slavery but also shrewd judgment in dealing with people. Again he set down: "We had a good time during the sermon and the Sacrament, but when I enlarged to the Society on *Negro-Slavery*, the principal leader raged like a lion, and desired to withdraw from the Society. I took him at his word, and appointed that excellent man (Brother Skelton) Leader in his stead."

He minced no words in denouncing slavery in the West Indies, in both Dutch-held and English-held islands, and he carried his appeal to high government circles. He won the right for Methodists to give spiritual enlightenment to the slaves in British territory and to assure the Negroes freedom to practice the Christian religion (which privilege previously had been banned).

Oxonian Dr. Coke was a man after John Wesley's own heart in his concern for education. At his first conference with Francis Asbury, he brought up the subject and the two agreed to establish a school or col-

The sensitivity of Thomas Coke is revealed in this love letter he wrote to his wife early one Sunday morning in 1806. The little doctor was to be gone only a few hours—and on the Lord's business—yet he took the time to pen an endearing message to his frail Penelope, whom he met and wed when he was 58, she 43. Their marriage was one seldom surpassed for its mutual devotion and bliss. This letter, now badly faded, is among the many treasures in Lovely Lane Church Museum, Baltimore, Md.

Most Beloved of my heart
and soul under God,
Gwynedd,
Lord's Day Morning,
May 4th 1806.

I am just going to leave you for a few hours. May our most kind Friend, our most adorable Lord and Saviour, take care of you. Yes: He will. He is ours by every endearing tie; and has already delivered ^{us} out of ten thousand snarers, and will continue to deliver us until death, and will bless ^{us} together to all eternity. ~~His~~ ^{His} harmony has woven our hearts together, has made us one by a series of wondrous Providences. Yes, my Penelope, you are twined round my heart: I never think of you, but I find you there, & find you in that position. O that you may, more than ever, be in the Spirit this day. And may our Lord bless me in public, & bring me back again in safety to my precious, precious & most beloved Wife.

T. Coke

lege. Practical Asbury favored a school for teaching boys basic academic knowledge, but the doctor won him over to his idea of a college. Once their desires were divulged, John Dickins [see *New Light on John Dickins*, September, 1961, page 17] took the lead in founding Cokesbury College at Abingdon, Md.

The purpose of Cokesbury Dr. Coke set forth as: "It is to receive for education and board the sons of the elders and preachers of The Methodist Church, poor orphans, and the sons of the subscribers, and of other friends. . . . The institution is also intended for the benefit of our young men who are called to preach, that they may receive a measure of that improvement which is highly expedient as preparation for public service . . . we are determined to have a college in which religion and learning go hand in hand together, or to have none at all."

He thus enunciated the principle which has stimulated Methodists to establish universities and colleges throughout the United States and in many other countries—and his emphasis on religion and learning as partners in education continues today as the church's primary service in higher education.

Cokesbury College burned twice and was not rebuilt after the second fire. [See *Cokesbury College: A 175-Year-Old Symbol*, June, 1962, page 2.]

Thomas Coke was a prolific writer, publishing scores of pamphlets and books. His ponderous four-volume *Commentary* on the Bible was his most ambitious undertaking. Besides joining with Bishop Asbury in revising the *Discipline*, he collaborated in writing the first official biography of John Wesley. And he wrote a three-volume *History of the West Indies*, penned the *Memoirs of Mrs. Penelope Goulding Coke*, kept a *Journal*, and dashed off uncounted letters.

Coke's appreciation for the things of nature is one of his most winsome traits. His *Journal* abounds with observations on the wonders of God's creation, as "The oaks have spread out their leaves: and the dogwood . . . whose innumerable white flowers form one of the finest ornaments of the forest, is in full blossom." Again, "The Eastern sky was covered with a most beautiful canopy of purple, which was all over decorated with spangles of gold. The heavens did indeed declare the glory of God. I would, I think, at any time go 10 miles to see so noble a display of the handy work of my Maker. And this God is my God."

An aspect of the energetic and fastidious "little doctor" which has escaped the majority of people is his romance—a very touching love story. Love very tender, yet intense—this was the affection of Thomas Coke and his Penelope.

An heiress of a considerable fortune, Penelope Goulding Smith in her twenties turned her back on dancing and cards, which she once had enjoyed with lighthearted companions, for participation in Methodist benevolent activities. She and Coke met when he solicited money from her for missions, and they were wed a short time later, April 1, 1805. He was 58, she 43.

Frail and sickly, she nevertheless was a devoted helpmeet, giving up her comfortable home to travel with him constantly, distributing tracts, nursing the sick, even doing drudgery in the homes of the poor to free them



Dr. Coke Methodist Church in Brecon, Wales —birthplace of Thomas Coke—contains tablets in memory of the "father of Methodist missions" and his two wives, Penelope Goulding and Ann Loxdale.

for attending Methodist preaching services. Her insistence upon going along with him in the face of perils contributed to her death January 25, 1811, because a violent storm at sea shattered what was left of her scant vitality.

Yet, the zealous churchman who had been a bachelor most of his life, found companionship with another 11 months after his precious Penelope was entombed! Again, he married a spinster, Ann Loxdale. Like his first mate, she was a dedicated worker, highly esteemed for her charity in Liverpool Methodist circles. And, like the first Mrs. Coke, she was in "precarious health." She died December 5, 1812, less than a year after their wedding. Her body was placed alongside Penelope's in the Coke family vault at Brecon, Wales.

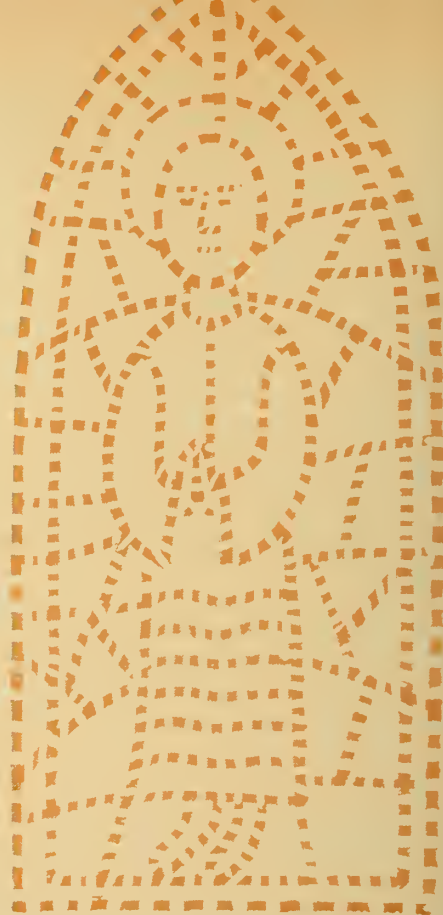
Dr. Coke did not long survive. His career was at its height when he embarked in 1814 to carry Methodism to India. From his own resources, he paid 6,000 pounds to finance missionaries and to purchase equipment, including a printing press. Early in the morning of May 3, he was found lifeless in his cabin, apparently a victim of apoplexy, and his body was buried in the Indian Ocean.

His friend, Francis Asbury, a man not noted for extravagant language, wrote: "By vote of Conference, I preached the funeral sermon for Doctor Coke—of blessed mind and soul—of the third branch of Oxonian Methodists—a gentleman, a scholar, and a bishop, to us—and as a minister of Christ, in zeal, in labours, and in services, the greatest man in the last century."

Talk of Protestant mergers raises the question . . .

How BIG Should a Church BE?

By GERALD H. KENNEDY
Bishop, Los Angeles Area



ANY METHODIST finds it easy—almost inevitable—to be enthusiastic about the ecumenical movement. In the 18th century, John Wesley said, “Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.” He said also that the mark of a Methodist was not his opinions and that Methodists were willing to think and let think.

We have had freedom of theological thought within the framework of our Articles of Religion, and it has been more than 50 years since we had a heresy trial. Even then the man was acquitted, and it is impossible for me to imagine any minister or layman in our connection being brought to trial, unless he was obviously beyond the pale of Christianity.

This background makes it very difficult for me to understand the statement from the Central Committee on the World Council of Churches meeting in Toronto in 1950. The principle was adopted that “the member churches of the World Council of Churches do not necessarily recognize each other as true, healthy, or complete churches,

but they consider the relation of *other* churches to the *Una Sancta* as a question for mutual consideration.” I can remember Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam’s impatience with the debate, which ended with this statement, when he related what had happened. For such a statement does not augur well for the formation of the One Great Church which some of the brethren talk about so eloquently. At least not in the near future!

At so many of the conferences I have attended, we spend much time in confessing our sin of division, our denominational pride, and our insistence that we are the one true Church. I get a little weary of confessing this sin, which I do not think I am guilty of, and which I do not believe characterizes Methodism. I hasten to add that we have sins to confess which may be just as serious as these. But to confess sins just because others are confessing is hypocrisy. And so often the ones whose confessions of prideful division are most eloquent are the ones who will be the last to do anything about it.

There is something one is not supposed to say about the ecumenical

movement, but I have found considerable pretense connected with it. I read in the paper a report of a stirring speech made by a church leader at New Delhi in the autumn of 1961. He rang the changes on the sins of our divisions and the need to become one. But it so happened that I had been in Poland the summer before where his church and mine were working together with a united witness in a communist and Catholic-dominated society. That is, they were working together until he came over and told his people that unless they stood entirely independent from the Methodists, they would not receive financial aid from their denomination in America. From here on, I shall take his ecumenical pronouncements with less than respect.

Still I believe in the ecumenical movement even when you must listen to the kind of lectures that made the late Bishop Berggrav whisper to a neighbor, "The Word became theology and did not dwell among us." I believe in it because it helps us to know one another and to love one another in spite of differences. I believe in it because my Christianity is partial and my church is not the only true church. I need the challenge and tension of the Christian churches who have found truth about Christ and the Gospel which has not found me. I want the wider Christian experience and vision which my own church cannot give to me alone.

There is a common treasury for all the churches which claim the Reformation heritage. Of course all Christians from the beginning have so much in common that it is a pity when the Roman Catholic Church or the Orthodox Church or anyone claims to be the sole possessor of the Christian faith.

Such pride was so far from the Jesus of the New Testament that it demanded a Reformation to bring the church back to the straight way.

Whenever any man calls his neighbor heretic, unless he joins his church and does not deviate from his creed, the very heart of the Gospel is denied. We must, therefore, in as much as lieth in us, unite with one another, love one another, appreciate one another. For the very

differences give us more light to live by and bring us closer to our Lord.

We need one voice when we are facing the world and dealing with the social applications of our faith. We need a way to make our influence felt at one place and at a particular time. For on many questions the majority of Christians can find agreement easily, and in some matters there are strong minority groups who cut across denominational lines.

The councils of churches in our

probably it is time to call for the mortician.

Whether it be Catholicism in South America, Orthodoxy in pre-Communist Russia, or a false prophet crying peace when there is no peace from a Protestant pulpit in a prosperous suburb, our Lord is crucified again when churches become complacent. It is a fine thing when the ecumenical movement can stir things up and make the fellows bent on building larger barns uncomfortable. Amen!

However, when someone comes

JOHN WESLEY ON UNION

*. . . But although a big difference in opinions or
modes of worship may prevent an entire external union;*

yet need it prevent our union in affection?

Though we cannot think alike, may we not love alike? May

we not be of one heart, though we are not of one

opinion? Without all doubt, we may. Herein

all the children of God may unite, notwithstanding

these smaller differences. These remaining as

they are, they may forward one another

in love and in good works.

—JOHN WESLEY

communities ought to provide this service, and their lack of adequate support from the churches indicates that we have much to do on the local level. This poor support is sometimes due to lack of leadership and program on the part of councils, but mostly it is caused by the involvement of ministers and laymen in their own church affairs. Church executives must learn how to coordinate their efforts, and we must enlist more of our top laymen in the ecumenical affairs of our communities.

I have spent so many hours in dull ecumenical meetings that when the National Council of Churches is attacked by fundamentalist groups and reactionary laymen, it rather lifts up my heart. You do not kick a dead horse, and for the National Council to be regarded as dangerous by these people is a great compliment to it. Believe me, it is not Christian success when all speak well of us, but

along to proclaim that we are duty bound to work for one Protestant organization, I get very uneasy. It is a cause for rejoicing when churches with similar backgrounds and politics decide to become one. But that we should strive to bring everybody under the same tent does not seem desirable to me. I am not impressed with bigness as the answer to the problem. I do not think huge organizations are necessarily the most effective. I cannot see how conflicting theological dogmas can be resolved without compromise, and when we move toward the lowest common denominator in any situation, we come up with dry bones.

The matter of organization is itself frightening when we contemplate a Protestant church of, say 20 million. It would have to move toward authoritarianism unless it should be released from the laws governing human organizations. The Roman Catholic Church is authoritarian be-

Where WE Stand on UNION

THE SPIRIT of union has marked Methodism for many years. In fact, The Methodist Church itself is the product of a union in 1939 of the three major U.S. Methodist bodies—the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church.

Currently there is lively interest in uniting with the Evangelical United Brethren Church, a denomination theologically and structurally similar.

The spirit which motivates Methodist ecumenical thinking today was expressed succinctly at the 1939 Uniting Conference:

"United Methodism thanks God for the new life and strength which has come with reunion. . . . At the same time, it rejoices in the fact that it is part of the one Church of our Lord and shares in a common task."

While Methodists accomplished one organic union and are contemplating another, more often they have preferred to co-operate with other denominations rather than unite. Methodists long have been noted for their participation in interdenominational—and interfaith—endeavors on local, national, and international levels. The Methodist Church is a charter member of the National Council of Churches, and participated in formation of the World Council of Churches in 1948.

In the approach to unity, Methodists follow the sage advice of founder John Wesley: "Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . . If it be, give me thy hand. . . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

Like Wesley and his associates, many Methodists today believe that interdenominational *unity* of purpose and action can be achieved without organic *union*, which might result in increased uniformity and the loss of Methodism's distinctive characteristics.

—WILLARD M. MECKLENBURG

cause it must be. We might try to run a huge ecclesiastical institution through committees, but that would create a bureaucracy that has very little to commend it as against the idea of a pope.

Indeed, with two good friends I would like to launch a new movement called the Society for the Prevention of the Evil Effects of Devilish Bureaucracy on Methodism, or to give it a rather catchy title: SPEEDBOM. The difficulty is that I do not know how to go any further without making it a part of the disease it is supposed to cure.

NOW the proponents of church union argue that it could be loose in its polity and everybody could be just as free as they are now. But if this were actually the case, there would be little sense in changing what we have. It would be better to strengthen our councils and perfect our means of co-operation. Every real union means that we all give up something. But if there are strong differences of opinion as to what is essential in the faith, I can hardly ask my fellow Christian to surrender his essential but allow me to keep mine. I would rather say that we shall both keep our essentials and work together in the faith which we hold in common.

As long as these plans are kept general, we assume that we can both have our cake and eat it. That is possible on neither church nor culinary levels. One of the very popular plans for church union of our time suggests that we ought to take care of every preacher as the Methodists do, and at the same time give freedom to each congregation to call its own minister. Let me tell you a secret. When a Methodist bishop reads the appointments at the annual conference, he knows that not every church would have accepted the man he is appointing if it could vote on him. Nor would every Methodist preacher go to the church he has been appointed to if he were not a man under orders. The church-union dreamers who promise that it is possible to have the best of all polities without giving up anything simply do not know what they are talking about.

I have a real concern lest we mis-

take what may be our strength for our weakness. When I was in seminary, the whole emphasis was on closing out our small churches and combining congregations to make one strong church. Since that time, I have seen some of the results of those efforts. Hardly ever did it strengthen the church by leaving one where formerly there had been two. Of course there are places where this was wise strategy, but too often we lost both in membership and vitality. Two plus two does not always equal four in churches.

Nor am I any more at ease when I consider the possibility of making our main Protestant denominations into one organization. Personally, even if I had the power, I would not cast the deciding vote to make all American Protestants Methodists. They could not stand it, and neither could we.

I do not know any place in the world where the Christian churches are more relevant or vital than in the United States. I know many places where our American activism is criticized and where empty churches with correct theology seem to be preferred over serving people. But in spite of all our sins—and they are many and serious—our American pluralism has produced churches with a continuous and restless Christian energy.

We need to deepen our theological understandings, but not by becoming less active in proclaiming and demonstrating our Christian faith. The New Testament puts a great deal of emphasis on doing the truth.

Yet I would not close this on a negative note. Any movement toward closer co-operation or uniting churches will find me on its side. I hope that we may be saved from the excessive negativism of the brethren who spend most of their time bewailing our divisions and confessing the sin of parochialism.

Let us rejoice in our unity and pray for those who are too exclusive. Let us strive for patience and understanding when we deal with those who substitute law for Gospel.

And, above all, let us not believe that nothing can be done until God has restored our divided Christendom.

Let us rejoice in our present unity and in our freedom.

These carved wooden figures depict Christ's triumphant ride into Jerusalem. (Courtesy the Swiss National Museum, Zurich.)



That First EASTER WEEK

From Palm Sunday to the Resurrection, as portrayed by old masters and contemporary artists.

...**SUFFERED** under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead...

Those 17 words from the Apostles' Creed superbly condense the awesome and tragic events that led up to the first Easter. There is no more dramatic, meaningful story in all the world than the biblical accounts of the last days on earth of One who was born in a Bethlehem stable and three decades later would die on a cross—the victim of man's sin but victor over the bonds of death.

Almost from the time the Master still was a living memory among men, his followers were writing his story and proclaiming his message to the pagan world. But there were long, dark centuries when literacy was confined to a learned few, and religious art was the Bible of the millions who found God through Him. During that time, Christ lived in the magnificent paintings and sculptures that are Christianity's precious heritage today. Some of that art is on these pages, along with the work of modern artists who still hear Pilate say: "Behold the man!" A great artist, whether old or new, may succeed where words sometimes fail—for the first Easter is a story for heart, soul, and eye, as well as mind.

Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem
as visualized by an unknown artist
—possibly a German monk of the
upper Rhine, circa 1450.



National Gallery of Art, Rosenwald Collection



The Last Supper by William Blake (1757-1827). The artist,
an English poet and mystic, shows Jesus with his

Salvador Dalí, who specializes in 20th-century surrealism, brings both symbolism and an almost photographic clarity to this unique interpretation of "The Sacrament of the Last Supper."

National Gallery of Art, Chester Dale Collection





Christ Before Pilate: *This abstraction by Dick Swift was entered in an exhibit of modern art sponsored by the National Council of Churches in 1960.*

YES, BEHOLD the Man! His enemies bind his hands and lead him from place to place in the town. They bring him at last to stand before Pilate, the Roman procurator, who soon will yield to their bloodthirsty cries. Christ's enemies will scourge him with the metal-tipped thongs. They will spit upon him, crown him with thorns, and force him to carry the heavy cross.

But nothing his enemies do will demean this man; Jesus of Nazareth towers above his enemies. It is this, his overpowering majesty during the ordeals of that first Easter week, that many great artists have given their finest efforts to convey.

Jesus knows well that the power of the Roman Empire, symbolized by Pilate, is on the side of the mob. He knows, too, that Pilate is an indecisive man, made more so by political ambition, and that his verdict is inevitable. Just the same, Munkacsy, in the painting at the right, has put such courage, dignity, and calm forbearance into the face and posture of Jesus that the Lord becomes not the judged but the judge of Pilate and the clamoring mob that surrounds him.

Christ Before Pilate, by Michael Munkacsy. *This magnificent painting took the artist a year to complete. Munkacsy, born in Hungary in 1844, actually started his art career as a house painter.*

Christ Before Pilate

It is morning, and

Now he stands

"Crucify him!"

Jesus answers



the black night of betrayal, agony, and denial is over.
way leads inexorably toward the cross, even as Jesus had known.
fore Pilate in judgment hall, the rabble shouting
y him!" Pilate asks: "Are you the King of the Jews?"
y kingship is not of this world..."





The Italian master Perugino (1446-1523) enshrined the crucified Savior in an atmosphere of calm.

T

Rouault (1871-1958), deeply religious man, was appalled by man's inhumanity to man (the Crucifixion) and he expresses his horror in the starkness of lines at right. Rouault's style is reminiscent of medieval stained-glass windows which were a strong influence on his work.



Crucifixion

"And when they came to a place called Golgotha [which means the place of a skull], they offered him wine and drink, mingled with the gall...And when they had crucified him, they divided his garments among them..."—*Matthew 27:33-35*



Resurrection, an ink drawing by Margaret Rigg. Courtesy motive magazine, Nashville, Tenn.

BECAUSE He who was crucified triumphed over death, that one day has become the most important observance of Christians throughout the world. Again this April 14, when signs of springtime and rebirth abound in the land, the resurrection of Christ will be celebrated with joyous Easter hymns and special worship services.

Easter is a day for rejoicing. The Crucifixion nearly 2,000 years ago had seemed a dark day. But with the Resurrection came the assurance that death is not the end of life, but the beginning of a full and eternal relationship with God. Then it was that the church of Jesus Christ began its mighty march across the centuries.

The Resurrection
is on an altarpiece
by Grünewald (1475-1520)
in a French museum.

SHOULD THE CHURCH EVER BE AGENT OF THE STATE?

Tempted by federal grants for education and social welfare, churches must assess their role.

By C. STANLEY LOWELL

Associate Director, POAU

tion. Also to be deleted was a provision that Methodists should be given priority in admissions. Proponents argued that the name did not matter and that since the directors would be Methodists they could give priority to Methodists anyway!

The same kind of debate enlivened a session last December of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, which turned down a \$350,000 federal grant for expanding facilities at a denominational convalescent hospital. Opponents cited the danger of state interference and the concern over church-state separation.

Does control follow money? Certainly. Officials of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare have indicated that federal aid to so-called "impacted areas" will be withheld where racially segregated schools are operated. Many will support this as a wise and constitutional use of federal authority. That, however, is not the point. The point is that government control follows government money. The church should recognize this. If it wants government financing for welfare programs, then it should be prepared to accept government interference.

SHOULD the church become the state's agent in welfare? The problem, of course, is not quite that simple. There is the history of the question, for example. The church has an interest in welfare antedating that of the state. Nevertheless, the rapid growth of the welfare state in the past three decades has created definite church-state problems.

One way of stating it is to say that the government desires agents for the performance of welfare services, and it seeks to find one such agent in the church. Why does not government just perform the services itself? Why not direct, exclusive government operation in the realm of education, hospital and nursing care, care of the aged, the orphaned, and the neglected, and in direct relief?

This is exactly what is done in many socialistic orders. But this nation has a hangover of individualism. It clings to the tradition of things outside the state. It fears the infinite burgeoning of governmental bureaucracy which is the sure mark of the socialist state. It exhibits this fear even as it welcomes all the welfare services and benefits which the welfare state bestows.

Because the people want the services without an all-encompassing bureaucracy, agents have proved useful. The agents perform the services; the government pays the bill and more or less directs the enterprise. This is where the church comes in. Some church administrators have welcomed the prospect of such a tie with the state. In church-welfare programs, money is always the problem. Public assistance would solve that problem. The church, which ought to be doing good works anyhow, could do many more if it had grants from the state. What God could do if he had the money!

Now this sounds good, but it overlooks some things. One is that along with government money there may be government control. Recently the South Georgia Methodist Conference debated a proposal to accept federal funds to build a retirement home. One government stipulation was that the word "Christian" must be deleted from the articles of incorpora-

A study of the catalogues of many church-related colleges indicates that much of their denominational program could hardly survive substantive federal aid. Salem College (Moravian) requires six hours credit in religion for the B.A. or B.S. degree. Marymount College of Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y. (Roman Catholic) requires 31 hours credit in religion for such degrees. Wake Forest College (Baptist) requires twice-weekly chapel attendance. Such mandatory religious services and instruction are typical of many church-related colleges. Could public funds be provided for the support of these religious practices?

There is another consideration even more fundamental. Public subsidies to church programs in education, care of the aged and orphaned, medical and hospital care, and relief invariably raise this question: What is the purpose of the church? Does the church exist to perform good works? Or does it exist for good works *and something more*? Traditionally, the church has not performed welfare for the sake of the service itself. It did not heal, feed, care for, and educate just because these were good and helpful things to do.

The church performed welfare in a manner that was intimate and integral to its gospel. It performed welfare in order to make the Gospel more effective. It performed welfare in order to reach people, and to do this it had to reach them in their need. Often something had to be done for the body, for example, before anything could be done for the soul. Hence Salvation Army soup kitchens and John Wesley's dispensaries.

To call this "rice Christianity" is to miss the point. It was not that; neither was it do-goodism. It was reaching by helping. Welfare was the handmaiden of evangelism. Motivation for the church's welfare programs has historically been religious rather than secular. It reflected and incarnated the worship, evangelism, and missionary life of the church.

The church originally went into hospital care because the pagan rites customarily observed in ancient

Roman hospitals precluded their use by Christians. The first Christian schools were inspired not by any passion to reduce illiteracy, but by a desire to read and understand the Bible. The first great universities in this country were founded for the purpose of training men for the Christian ministry. The church traditionally conceived welfare—including education—in terms of a mandate from its founder to win the whole world.

Classic Roman Catholic doctrine sought to resolve the church-state problem in welfare by joining the two, with a concordat formalizing the union. The theory was that in such a relationship the church would permeate the state with its charity. There would be no problem, no contradiction between state and church, because their union would provide moral identity. Judged by its historical fruits, this arrangement has not proved to be wise. The outcome has too often been not the city of God but a clerical regime which, under a masque of piety, enhanced its own power and curbed freedom.

A more realistic resolution of the church-state problem in welfare is to acknowledge that, while the purposes of the two have something in common, they also are different.

The purpose of the state is the physical and mental welfare of the people. The purpose of the church is this, *plus*. Our fathers called the purpose salvation of souls. The purpose was conceived not alone in temporal terms, but also in eternal terms. If this orientation has no validity, then what is the good of church welfare? If the church merely serves public ends, then why not let the public serve them?

Church-state separation has encouraged recognition of the church's distinctive role in welfare. To lower the wall and permit substantive financing of church welfare from taxes might result in the loss of church welfare.

What, then? *No tax support for church welfare!* The church is to practice charity; to tax for charity is to defeat it. Churches should confine their welfare to those programs which they can support by voluntary donations. Churches should not obligate themselves for the performance of mass, routine services for the welfare state. The church is, rather, to pioneer, to wager and guess, to hazard magnificently, to succeed startlingly, and to fail gloriously.

How often I read of some private foundation that has launched an arresting pilot project in education, in

medicine, in drama, in welfare care, or moral and physical reclamation. I rejoice in what is being done. But I am sad, too, for I see here an abdication of the church. This is what the church ought to be doing.

What *is* the church doing? As nearly as I can tell, it is edging guiltily but definitely toward the state's proffered gold. Its leaders pine for the fleshpots of government bureaucracy. They appear ready to cease hazarding in order to embrace the security of routine death.

They are, of course, not altogether to blame. The pressures are formidable. There is the denominational pride of laymen, who like to see great structures bearing the names of their church even if they do not house its spirit. There is the desire to keep up with the Joneses or the Roman Catholics and the envious cry: "Look what they've got!"

Then there are the pressures of government itself. Methodism's Baltimore Conference in 1961 debated acceptance of a state grant to construct a nursing home. One minister urged acceptance because the state wanted the churches to perform this service; that the state had provided funds for the purpose; that the funds had gone a-begging because the churches were not willing to co-operate with the state in this great endeavor; that he would be ashamed to face his congregation if the grant were rejected.

Let us make at least this clear—*the church has no obligation to accept state grants for any purpose whatever.* The church must be the church, not only theologically but also in welfare.

Denominational leaders are succumbing to such pressures. Little cups are tentatively thrust into the shower of government gold. Can we expect it to be otherwise? These leaders are only human. The issue becomes personal. Can we expect our church officials to be less human or more something else than others?

Ask the same question about ourselves. Is there in our churches and in the relations they embrace something more than human? Is there another dimension? If the answer has to be *no*, then what has happened to the uniqueness of the church's calling in Christ? Must we, then, take to ourselves Matthew 5:13?

Guardian of Religious Freedom

RELIGIOUS liberty and separation of church and state are guaranteed by the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. To back up these American principles, Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State (POAU) was founded in 1947 by prominent churchmen, including Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, now retired.

POAU's purposes were spelled out in a *Manifesto* issued November 20, 1947. Today, as then, they are to mobilize public opinion in support of religious liberty, and to resist by legal means efforts of state officials and church bodies to blur the line of separation—whether by law, allocation of tax funds, or awarding public property to church-related organizations.

A collector and disseminator of vast amounts of church-state information, POAU is consulted frequently both by clergymen and laymen in local church-state problems. POAU is non-denominational, but was endorsed by the Methodist Council of Bishops in 1951 and, after a four-year study, was endorsed overwhelmingly in 1960 by the General Conference session in Denver. Dr. Glenn L. Archer is executive director of POAU, which maintains offices at 1633 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

—YOUR EDITORS



Mothers are handy things for little boys needing peanut-butter sandwiches and fried chicken. But little boys are handy, too—for inquisitive mothers.

A Together in the **Home** Feature

LITTLE BOYS

By KIT KUPERSTOCK

IT IS generally accepted that mothers are handy things for little boys to have, even though they mostly come with built-in quirks about bedtimes and wearing rubbers. Even little boys concede that 2 a.m. feedings in the beginning, followed by a lifetime supply of peanut-butter sandwiches and fried chicken, outweigh these drawbacks.

What's *not* generally appreciated is how handy little boys are to mothers. Like other women with five sons, I'm apt to forget myself until the moment suddenly arrives when I need a little boy desperately and there's not one anywhere in sight.

Just last week, when I was driving reluctantly toward the Oak Ridge dental building, I spotted men in white lab coats setting up Geiger

counters in a field that usually holds only crabgrass. They had other strange-looking instruments, too, with lots of dials and flashing lights, but no clues at all as to why they were being used.

That tooth had throbbed all night, and an hour earlier the toothache had been so bad that I said "No" quite grumpily as each of our sons begged to ride along to the dentist.

Now it was forgotten. Stretching my neck, and almost falling out the car window, I tried to see enough to decide whether there had been a radiation accident or an invasion from outer space. It was hard to control my unladylike impulse to plow across the muddy lot for a closer look. How handy one of my insatiably curious boys would have been.

Since I am still around to be curious, presumably nothing very drastic had happened. It is exasperating, though, to know that I'll go clear through life never knowing what those men were doing—just because I callously left all our little boys at home.

As mother of five, I've been known to brood over such dimly remembered pleasures as sleeping late on weekends, or leaving on impulse to see a movie, with no search beforehand for a sitter. But that's remembering only the roses and letting time dull the thornier parts of my restricted life-before-boys.

Men, even bachelors (my husband says *especially* bachelors), may go where they like, ask any questions that occur to them, even drop in at

the fire station just to see the new pumper if they get the urge. What do you think would happen if a full-grown woman, with no popgun-armed escort, just dropped in at the fire station to admire the pumper? She'd be a nut, that's what, and the firemen would be frantic.

But just add one obligingly goggle-eyed small boy, and she miraculously acquires status. (Add five, and she also acquires a stiff neck, from trying to watch them all at the same time.) As a devoted mother, she gets her silliest questions answered tolerantly, and may even be invited to operate the flashing red light so her child can see how it works.

When I was a little girl, I spent my summers dashing around with a butterfly net or collecting such pets as turtles and salamanders. As I approached my teens, I discovered unhappily that I'd better forget all about butterflies. (Oh, knowing a monarch was OK as long as I couldn't tell it from a viceroy.) As for creeping creatures like spiders and lizards—if I hadn't learned to shudder convincingly when I saw one, I would have been classified as eccentric, or as a budding lady naturalist, which was worse.

Today, I share a house with two hibernating box turtles, a cocoon collection, a garter snake that lives in a terrarium in the dining room, and assorted beetles that Alan is *supposed* to keep securely caged. Aided and abetted by their father, our five zealous collectors scour the woods behind our house seeking rare specimens for me to identify.

Am I considered odd? Gracious, no! I'm just a tolerant mother, more concerned about the education of my young than my own comfort.

It did seem risky to catch that praying mantis when I was downtown having lunch with some PTA friends. Alan had wanted one for weeks, and as we came out of the restaurant I spotted a huge one, clinging to a window ledge. Trying to be inconspicuous, I scooped him up with my gloved hand and dropped him into my purse. The mantis, unfortunately, didn't care at all about being inconspicuous and went in fighting. My friends noticed, all right, but they just smiled.

"We do get roped in, don't we?" one of them remarked casually.

"Ricky's working on a science-fair project, too, and we've had jars of fireflies in the refrigerator for weeks."

That was the same day the friend who works part time as a social worker asked me if I'd ever regretted interrupting my education.

"I don't mean regret your husband and children, of course," she added with hasty tact, "but all the campus stimulation—the thrill of learning new things. . . ."

I do feel that education at the University of Tennessee would have resulted in fewer bruised shins. The degree might have come in handy, too; but as for stimulation and learning new things—if you want an education in a hurry, just raise yourself a quick batch of boys.

There was a time when I could hardly tell a tractor from a trailer. Now, rather to my own horror, I'm a minor expert on a dozen varieties. At least, I can tell at a glance what they're used for and whether they do the job on gasoline or diesel oil. What I'll ever do with this knowledge I can't imagine, but the boys and their father certainly rate full credit.

I also can rattle off the names of every dinosaur in the books—and spell most of them. Never in my wildest childhood dreams did I expect to be able to give Sandy complete vital statistics on a Stegosaurus while scrambling eggs at 6:30 a.m.

Neither did I expect to have to cope again with kites, fractions, or repairing those crumbly balsa gliders. But it is some compensation to find that with 20 years greater maturity and the pressure of scorn from my sons, I can sometimes manage all three.

A few of my broadened horizons

have been premeditated, and this is where the boys have come in handiest. Little boys are walking open sesame, not only to the fire station, but to all sorts of fascinating places conventionally off limits to mamas alone.

For years, I'd been vaguely curious about the fascinating partitioned offices behind the dark wooden lobby of our postoffice. When five-year-old Edward scrawled a note to his grandmother and begged to be taken down to mail it, I decided the day had come to inspect the postoffice.

"What do you suppose happens to your letter after you drop it in the slot?" I asked Edward casually in the car.

That's all it took. He deposited his letter, then marched up to the man behind the stamp window, gave him a charming small-boy grin, and inquired, "Now what do you do with my letter?" The postmaster himself took us on a conducted tour.

Using roughly the same system, we got to see a bakery kitchen where I gazed as open-mouthed as Edward at hundreds of revolving pans full of angel food cake. We visited the city jail, the mending room at the public library, a chinchilla ranch, and the operating room at the veterinary hospital. And I have a long list of future places to see.

So even the incredible volume of noise—and laundry—around our house isn't too high a price to pay for finally gaining admission into that infuriating male world, marked so firmly out of bounds when I was a little girl by a taunting "No Girls Allowed" sign on the boys' clubhouse door.

That door opens mighty fast when a little girl, grown into a mother, appears with a plate of cookies.

Growing Pains

*Let her limp in coltish pride,
Ecstatic and unsteady;
Thirteen-year-old spindle shanks
Clearly aren't ready.*

*Painfully, she pirouettes,
Entranced with what she sees;
Oblivious to her awkward stance
Of forty-five degrees.*

*Unaware that Father frowns,
And Brother is hilarious;
Or that without my helping hand
Her balance is precarious.*

*Who can break her happy heart,
Knowing how she feels?
Wrapped in wobbling dignity
She wears her first high heels!*

—MADELEINE LAEUFER

Meet genial George W. Crane, layman,
physician, writer, lecturer, and—

'Mr. Psychologist' to Millions

By OREN ARNOLD

THE TRAIN stopped at a little unheard-of village in rural Indiana. A dozen people were visible, and from their inaction, time seemed to have stopped, too. Then one of them came alive—a big man in shirt sleeves, hatless, with curly black hair. He was flashing a nine-dollar smile.

"Oren!" he cried, thereby flattering me, for we had never met. "It's good to see you. You're looking grand, and I'm glad you are slender because Cora has a big chicken dinner ready. What a fine sunny day you brought!"

So there I stood shaking hands with America's best-read psychologist. I forgot my plan to bow and say, "How do you do, Sir." I just sort of grinned back at him, said "Hi, George."

From the very beginning we got along. We visited for four days, sitting on porches, walking the incredibly beautiful Indiana autumn, philosophizing and daydreaming and unburdening our hearts. But by bedtime of that first night I already understood why George W. Crane, Ph.D., M.D., was one of the most admired churchmen in all the world.

His personality has come through in similar fashion to literally millions of people on this continent and abroad. His influence is far-reaching—and, fortunately, for the good. Undoubtedly he has a set of faults; but concealing them, wrestling with them in privacy with God, is itself evidence of genius.

His impact on the public is made in four major ways—as author, lecturer, educator, and doctor of medicine. Permeating all these ef-

"The Bible is the greatest source of sound psychological counsel ever devised," says Dr. Crane, who teaches an adult class at Methodism's huge Chicago Temple. "Begin with prayer, take action," he often tells the thousands of troubled who seek his help.



forts is his skill as a horse-sense psychiatrist; he is a humanitarian who feels that psychology exists only when applied. He applies it on about 60 million Americans each day via his column carried in nearly 250 newspapers. Its title is *The Worry Clinic*. It helps us correct our mistakes; shows us in simple, workaday language how to enrich our lives. Letters pour in. At his main office in Mellott, Ind., I helped six trained secretaries open just one average morning's mail and study it. There were nearly 2,000 letters and cards.

The column each week presents case histories and discusses the five basic human interests: love problems, child care, business strategy, marriage, nervous ills. The process is extended through constant radio

transcriptions. His textbook *Psychology Applied* has even been translated into Chinese. He is one of the six most sought-after platform lecturers in America; and one of the most expensive, although all fees are channeled into pet charities. Sunday mornings for 28 years he has conducted an adult Bible class in the huge Chicago Temple, the famous downtown Methodist Church.

Well, then, what manner of man is behind all that?

I approached him with awe; and as I have shown you, he dispelled that in the first 15 seconds. Before we had gorged ourselves on that chicken dinner we were already cordially "cussing out the bureaucrats." (Not literally, of course; no profanity ever passes George Crane's

lips.) We quickly agreed that much of America's trouble can be laid at the door of encroaching governmental bureaucracy, that little men in power can become our biggest danger. We were feeling mighty profound with it when his beloved Cora interrupted us, smiling.

Teasing Cora is one of his pastimes. Teasing him back is one of hers. A sense of humor has permeated the Crane household since those two were married 34 years ago. Their five children all enjoyed it, enlarged it, and benefited from it. You'd never find four handsomer sons, or a lovelier daughter. One, the eldest, sacrificed his life not long ago in flight training; crashed his jet plane rather than bail out and let it smash into a crowd. You can quickly feel the spiritual strength of this family.

GEORGE is first and last a Methodist, right enough, but he is also an honorary Presbyterian and an honorary Jewish rabbi! I know of no other such. Obviously it speaks a rare broadness; not one that compromises with truth, but rather a broad love of humanity which transcends man-made sects and separations.

"He has learned," one distinguished admirer said of him, "what each of us must learn if we are to have any happiness—that *tenderness is the indispensable emotion*. Our command to show it comes direct from Christ himself."

George Crane also impresses you with a seemingly endless vitality. The man *never* tires! Relaxed? No such. He does not advocate the "relax and live" theory; he believes we've got to be up and doing, not slumped consumptively on a couch. So, then, his physique functions with grace and endless accomplishment. When it's time to sit, he sits. Rests. When it's 10 p.m. or so, he sleeps, like a log of Indiana maple. When it's dawn he's up singing—if you can call it singing—and his children hint there's doubt. But it's the inner glow, not the music, that counts.

He has a few pet peeves in addition to bureaucrats. Cigarettes, for instance. Don't even ask him if he approves of smoking. You haven't time to hear him out.

Or take alcohol—no, best avoid

that topic too, although it *is* interesting to see a psychologist get wrought up. I have seen him "bawl the living daylight" out of huge crowds of people for smoking and drinking, and heard them give hearty applause. Therein lies the skill of the psychologist.

Some psychiatrists and psychologists say that Crane is "making psychology sound much too simple." He thinks that a compliment. Some resent alleged inroads on their income; he gives counsel, via the newspaper column and the lectures, free! For such criticism he has one stock answer: "The Bible is the greatest source of sound psychological counsel ever devised. The length of the average word in the Bible is only two syllables."

For days I roamed the Indiana wilderness with George. We gathered late hickory nuts, pignuts, and buckeyes until our pockets bulged; we threw rocks into a big frog pond where his little children used to play; we tore our shirts on barbed wire fences. And meanwhile of course we solved all the world's problems. I mean, we really did—if the world would only listen, as I tried to.

George Crane's philosophies are inspiring. You sense the truth in them, the power. He reads extensively; he travels the world; he meets the celebrities of earth and picks their brains, and he gives very special ear to the humble, the Lincolnian common people of whom God made so many. From all of that he distills his ideals and attitudes.

As the talk got better than ever, he touched on Krebiozen. It's the new drug which he feels holds high promise as a cure for cancer, but which admittedly is controversial. He spoke of the 44 trace chemicals in sea salt as possible preventives of certain non-virus diseases; advocating nothing, guaranteeing nothing, just speculating on the vast research under way and the spectacular case histories already recorded.

In any town where he lectures there is new zeal for community service, for church work, for proper child care and training, for combatting divorce and other social ills. Letters to him testify to it, by the thousands. Those letters led, among other things, to creation by him of the

Scientific Marriage Foundation, whereby any person of marriageable status who needs it can hope for help in finding a compatible mate. A negligible fee is charged, but the foundation still operates at a money loss—made up by George Crane himself.* A lesser man than Dr. Crane might have parlayed that foundation into a personal fortune.

With all his varied efforts, he could indeed be rich. Is he? Does he live in a palatial mansion on top of a hill?

I was driven in a beat-up old Ford by Dr. Crane himself to a little homey tree-lined street in Hillsboro, Ind., population 600, and we stopped before a small frame home that might have housed a mercantile clerk. It was clean and inviting. I was greeted, all right—by a huge dog who licked me, and by a 97-year-old father-in-law waiting on a bed for his final call. George shifted the TV so Grandpa could see a baseball game better, and we went out to the kitchen for a drink of water. If any servants lurked there, they were out of sight and out of place.

The Cranes do have another home—a made-over railroad passenger car which they found abandoned and had trucked into a forest as an escape. It is very appealing, what with Cora's decorative instincts and George's ability at painting. There's a horse to be ridden and petted. There are rag rugs, funny old family heirlooms, and wall mottoes—and delicious home-made leftovers in the refrigerator.

IN SHORT, the Cranes are *folks*. George the celebrity, the sought-after man of distinction, is as humble as an old-style Methodist circuit rider, which in a very large sense he is. Cora had traipsed off in her little jumpy old car to attend an isolated farm auction. We followed her out there—miles of dirt road twisting through a deep carpet of gold-and-crimson maple leaves. We found her and some lady friends gazing raptly at the swift-talking auctioneer who stood on a wagon. George had said she could bid up to \$60 on some prehistoric piece of female uselessness she wanted for their home, and she gleefully got it for \$55. She was hap-

* See *A New Tonic for Old Hearts*, November, 1960, page 52.—Eds.

pier than if they'd given her a deed to the county courthouse, and George was happy because she was. See what I mean? Folks.

One of these days somebody is likely to write a definitive biography of George Crane; then we can really study what makes him tick. He himself sees little to wonder at, little unusual in what he achieves. His thought is that *all* of us ought to be serving humanity as he tries to, and it hurts him because we aren't.

He forgets that he holds five earned college degrees, and for five years was research psychologist under auspices of the National Research Council of America and the Carnegie Institution. Few indeed of us are thus trained to do good works—and I told him so.

"YOU ARE alibiing," he shot back, jabbing a finger at me. "Every person alive has the capacity for serving his fellowman. And has the obligation. Your way may not be mine, but it might be better."

"But look," I argued, "I have no college degree, no training in psychology, no experience at counseling or—"

"Did Peter?" He leaned over, hands on knees. "What training had that obscure fisherman when he was called?"

The big fellow is an immensely gentle man, but he's no mealy-mouth. You should just hear him pop-popping truths at us in his lectures, shocking some of us staid old conservatives, but delighting us who have young and open minds. Usually at lectures a few listeners get mad.

"He's too frank," the sensitive cry. They mean he steps on their toes. For instance, he pinpoints the precise reasons why husband and wife quarrel, hits so close to home that we shudder, remembering. He speaks of sex, not as a hush-hush, but as a sacred function to be treated with mature intelligence, emphasizing its vital emotional importance.

His over-all technique of Winning and Influencing is simply to pay a sincere compliment. "You're looking fine, Homer, and I hear good things about your work." I heard him say that to a western university president—and that distinguished scholar beamed like a ten-year-old kid.

At the end of the banquet he told a Negro waiter, "You have given us superb service, and I thank you." To the hat-check girl he said, "I like your bright smile. You must have many admirers." Sunshine? The man scatters it! From the heart. Women think he hung the moon. We men think maybe he really did.

"Don't nurse troubles, throttle them," he counseled us. "Begin with prayer, then take action." Can you imagine a better summary for facing life?

He's no show-off, but he understands the value of showmanship. Even preachers are charmed by him. About 2,500 of them write him every year, asking for special guidance. Similarly, other church workers come to him for help.

"What most of you need," he tells them, "is confidence and a little flair for the dramatic.

"There is no excuse, ever, for a dull sermon. If the parishioners sleep in your church, it's not their fault, it's the preacher's." Then he shows them how the Master preached—not with long "had-oughter" harangues, but with simple and effective parables, case histories, incidents, anecdotes, stories from everyday life.

That also accounts for his immense popularity with children and young people. He shows them—not tells them—how Christianity can be a personal and inspiring way of life, not merely a ritualistic pedantry forced on us by somebody who has studied Latin and Greek.

"We must not allow church to be a somber place associated with blue laws and funerals," he tells us. "We must make it a happy service center for enriching the routine of our lives."

Hearing that, I demanded that he tighten it still more. I reminded him that virtually all of us want to do good and truly intend to, but—

"Then simply get started," said he, gently. And he added one of the finest quotes I ever heard. Clip it, share it, memorize it until it motivates your own life:

There is no greater fallacy than to think you will surely do at some future time the better things you are capable of doing now but neglect to do. Good intentions long deferred lose their vitality.



John Dickins Award DEADLINE!



College Journalists . . .

know that printing has advanced far beyond the stage represented by the old press above on which was printed early issues of *Christian Advocate*, forerunner of *TOGETHER*, in 1826. Religious thought on American campuses has progressed, too—and to keep up with current trends, *TOGETHER* invites college students to compete for its second annual John Dickins Award, named after the founder of The Methodist Publishing House. Campus newspaper editorials or editorial features on the general subject of religion as it pertains to campus life are eligible for cash awards. The winning entry will be published in *TOGETHER*. But time is short; deadline for submissions is May 1. For details and an entry form, write:

TOGETHER
Box 423
Park Ridge, Ill.

THE RULES:

1. Editors of student newspapers may submit their own published work or that of any other undergraduate and/or student of journalism in any accredited American junior college, college, or university, regardless of religious affiliation. Tear sheets and an entry form must accompany each submission. Only writing published during the 1962-63 school year will be considered.
2. The four cash awards—\$100, \$50, and two of \$20—will be divided equally between editor and writer if the writer is other than the editor himself.
3. All entries must be postmarked no later than May 1, 1963.
4. Editors of *TOGETHER* will serve as judges; their decisions will be final.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

ARE YOU doing well in school? I hope so. Your school record will follow you for a long time. If it is good, you'll get many breaks. If it is bad, you'll be handicapped. You should do everything possible to earn high marks in both scholarship and citizenship. You'll never be sorry.

If you find you can't succeed no matter how hard you try, go to your counselor. If you don't have a counselor, go to the teacher who helped you plan your program. Ask for advice. Make sure you are in the right courses. Modern high schools are complicated, and it is possible for students to land in classes entirely unsuited to them. Don't let that happen to you.

Check your home study habits. You should work at a regular time each day. Put your studies first. Don't let TV, radio, or phone calls delay you. Do your assignments in the same sequence each day. English first, for example, then social studies. Ask your mother to see to it that you are not interrupted. If possible, study in a room far removed from the family hubbub. You'll find it easier to concentrate.

Plan ahead for your term papers. Start on them as soon as they are assigned. Do some work each day. Have your first draft written at least a week before the final copy is due, then you can finish it without strain. If possible, use a typewriter for your papers and themes. Teachers appreciate legibility and neatness.

Study ahead for your exams. Last-minute, all-night cramming sessions usually are worse than a waste of time. Review the textbooks. Review class notes. Ask your mother to quiz you. The night before the test go to bed early to get a good rest so you'll be at your peak for the test. Good luck!

Q *Why are teachers against me? My teachers grade me down because of my haircut, black-leather jacket, and the boots I wear. I smoke, too, and they don't like that. Can't a boy, 15, dress the way he wants to? Are they fair?—R.C.*

A They are fair. Teachers know that some boys go to extremes in their haircuts, their leather jackets, and their boots. Many boys who dress that way are delinquent and rebellious. Teachers have learned to be suspicious of them. If you want to get along well, you should change your appearance.

Q *I'm a boy, 13, and a lousy baseball player. Back home I was the last one chosen on teams. Now I live in the Near East and go to an American school. The kids won't even let me play baseball. What is wrong? I've worked at it, but I am still a dub. Can't I learn?—E.T.*

A Chances are you cannot learn because you try too hard. Your anxiety blocks your progress. Did you know that about 20 percent of the boys in school feel that they are poor athletes? I suggest you explore your talents. Try out different individual sports until you find one which you can do well. Then practice faithfully. Before

"Poor Harold . . . Nothing has ever really interested him since Little League!"



Cartoon by Schulz. ©, 1963, by Warner Press, Inc.

long the baseball players will sit up and take notice.

Q *My uncle drinks too much. He never works. My aunt supports their family. My father often sends money so they won't go hungry. I have prayed to God to send my uncle strength to stop drinking, but he gets steadily worse. Why do men become drunkards?—A.B.*

A We don't know the complete story behind alcoholism. However, we can be sure one factor is emotional. Drunkards are neurotic, insecure people. Probably there are physical factors also. Whatever the causes, more men and women are becoming alcoholics. Their cure usually involves a deep emotional upheaval, such as religious conversion. Until your uncle has a desperate desire to stop drinking and begins to beg for help, there is little anyone can do. When that time comes, get him to join his local Alcoholics Anonymous chapter. The AA, as it is called, has helped more drunkards than any other organization.

Q *I'm an eighth-grade girl. In elementary school, I had four close girl friends. In junior high, we drifted apart. They are boy crazy; they tell dirty jokes; they neck and do all sorts*

of things. I think I should be friendly with them again, so I could help them improve their ways. Mother says I'd fail. She thinks if I start running around with them, I'd get the same bad reputation. Is my mother right? —B.O.

A Probably she is. Almost certainly the four would be too much for you. You might be able to influence one girl at a time. Try that. But don't feel discouraged if you fail. Many rather wild eighth-grade girls straighten out later. I hope that these girls will.

Q I'm a boy 16. I flunked one grade, so I'm behind at school. Two girls in my class are telling awful lies about me. I told them to stop, but they laughed and said they were just having fun. People believe them, not me. What can I do?—J.O.

A Go to your school counselor or your favorite teacher. Explain what is happening. Ask that person to call the girls in and set them straight. Try not to worry. Kids who tell lies about others hurt themselves most of all.

Q I am a boy 14. I saw my girl talking with another guy. After school we had a fight, and I knocked him down. He got up and ran. Now my girl won't speak to me. She says I should apologize to her for what I did. Was I wrong? Or is she?—D.L.

A I'm sorry you fought, though many boys your age have similar fights. Don't do it again. Fights don't settle anything. Your girl has a right to talk with any other boy she feels like talking to. Better apologize.

Q I'm a girl, 16, studying science. We had a project on the effects of cigarette smoking. Now I am scared. My father smokes two packs a day. He has a cigarette cough. I want him to stop, but when I nag at him about smoking, he gets mad. What can I do to save my father?—B.B.

A Cigarette smoking is harmful. However, you may have too vivid a picture of the consequences. Many smokers do shorten their lives, but not all. A few smokers develop lung cancer or heart disease, but the majority do not. It is extremely hard

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About . . .



Your Faith and Your Church

Do we forgive that we may have forgiveness? On the surface, Jesus seems to have suggested that in Matthew 6:14, 15, which is strangely reminiscent of the old Book of Ecclesiasticus (28:2) in the Apocrypha. There would seem to be a stern condition upon God's forgiveness of us. How does this square with the clear teaching that God's love is unconditional? Do not we love him because he first loved us (1 John 4:19) and will he not forgive us even though we do not forgive?

The point is, of course, that forgiveness is not a two-way street involving only God and ourselves, but a triangular diagram involving God, our neighbors, and ourselves. Forgiveness is possible only when we are morally sensitive enough to be aware of our own sins, failures, and shortcomings, and how they injure others. Even the Almighty cannot forgive us until we are ready.

How important is confession? Because confession is central in Roman Catholicism (penance, following confession, is one of the seven sacraments), Protestants may imagine that it has no importance outside Catholicism. This strange notion is hardly consistent with the confession of the psalmist, "Well do I know my offenses; my sin is never out of mind" (Psalms 51:3, Moffatt). Nor does it square with, "You should get into the habit of admitting your sins to each other, and praying for each other" (James 5:16, Phillips).

Yet, there is a profound mystery about confession and absolution. Confident that real guilt can be judged, not in psychoanalysis but in confession and prayer, we ought to help each other, intruding ourselves as little as possible when another person seeks God's healing forgiveness.

What is an 'encounter' with God? This is not a struggle—though Jacob "wrestled with God" and bore on his body the marks of that encounter. We contend with "powers and principalities" (Romans 8:38) when they represent evil forces, but we do not contend with God, or there would be no purpose in it. He and we are never adversaries, or enemies, or rivals.

Better than "encounter" when we are thinking of the "I-Thou" relationship is probably "experience." This is a good Methodist term. We are continually having experiences with God, and the assurance coming out of such experiences is Methodism's unique contribution to Christian theology. Without such experiences we are hardly Methodists at all.

Bishop T. Otto Nall is glad that his questions come from persons of all ages. "Some of the most penetrating," he confides, "are asked by young people." Before he was elected to head the Minnesota Area, Bishop Nall served The Methodist Church as a religious journalist. He was editor of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE from 1949 to July 1960.

for a heavy smoker to stop. A man like your father won't quit until he himself wants to. Then he'll have to throw his whole soul into the struggle. Nagging won't help a bit.

Q *I went out with a girl several times. I thought she was a fine, Christian girl until her former boyfriend told me of the bad things they had done. Now I'm upset. Should I tell the girl's mother what the boy said? That girl needs guidance!—G.P.*

A Perhaps you are jumping to a conclusion. Some boys tell fibs about the girls they have dated. I suggest you wait a while. When you feel less upset, talk privately with the girl. Don't be surprised if you find the boy was lying.

Q *While my buddy and his family were in Mexico, he bought some very dirty pictures. I never thought people would be so low as to have themselves photographed that way. My buddy takes the pictures to school and shows them to the boys in our club. I'm afraid he'll get us all in trouble. What can I do?—S.J.*

A Such pictures are illegal. Even having them in your possession is against the law. Your fear is well justified. Apart from the legal aspect, the pictures are immoral and should be destroyed.

Q *I'm a boy, 16. My father has a plan for teaching me to drive a car. I'm taking the driver-education course at school. When I finish, he'll help me get a learner's permit. Then he or my mother will ride in the car with me while I drive a total of 1,000 miles. If I do so without an accident or a ticket, he'll let me get my regular license. What do you think of this plan?—J.A.*

A It is excellent. I've heard of similar plans in other homes. Driving is an important responsibility. If all teen-agers could go through a training program like yours, we'd have fewer accidents.

Q *Is it possible to find a boy who doesn't neck? I'm a Christian girl, 17, and try to be decent. I enjoy parties and being with friends. I've gone steady with two boys, but had*

to break up with each one because he wanted to pet. Are any boys different?—D.M.

A A few are different, but not many. Usually the girl must set the limits to a couple's conduct. By nature, boys are more aggressive and less restrained than girls. Probably the boys you know would never plan to go too far. They aren't "wolves," but they are easily aroused. After that, they may have little or no restraint. One bad aspect of going steady is that it often leads to necking, and frequently to further intimacies.

Q *I'm a girl, 13. My best girl friend is boy-crazy and hardly notices me. She hangs around a runty, pimple-faced mutt of a boy. Can I win her friendship back?—K.B.*

A Probably you won't need to try. She'll change. Girls of 13 frequently have strong crushes on boys and ignore old friends. Their crushes usually do not last. When your friend gets over this, she'll be herself again.

Q *I'm a boy, 14. I like a girl, 13. There is a community dance for teen-agers in our town on Friday nights. I want to take the girl to the dance. Her mother says she is too young. Is there any way I can get her mother to change her mind?—C.G.*

A I'm afraid there isn't. A girl of 13 is pretty young to go to a big community dance. She must obey her mother. Try to be a good scout about it.

Q *Do parents live by different rules? My mother tells me not to interrupt when someone else is speaking, yet she constantly interrupts me. She tells me not to open other people's mail, but she opens mine. She tells me to keep out of her purse, yet she goes through mine every week. When I asked her this question, I got slapped. Why can't parents practice what they preach?—L.M.*

A Most parents try to practice what they preach, especially with other people. But some parents feel that their own children are different. I can understand your resentment. As I see it, teen-agers deserve reasonable privacy. I'm sorry your mother does the things

she does. However, you should not try to fight her directly. You'd be sure to lose. Instead, ask her to discuss these points with your counselor or teacher. She may accept suggestions from an outsider which she can't accept from you.

Q *On New Year's Eve my family made a resolution not to fight any more. I'm a boy of 15. My sister is 14. We love our parents and they love us, but they scold us for everything we do and treat us like babies. We can't stand it. We broke our resolution before the first day was over. Is there any way for a family like ours to live together peacefully?—P.V.*

A There is no way to avoid conflict completely. However, the number of quarrels can be reduced. Here are four suggestions: 1. Work with your parents to set up a reasonable set of rules for you and your sister. Write the rules down, then do your best to follow them. Rules prevent confusion and controversy. 2. Ask your parents to expand your independence as fast as you can prove yourselves trustworthy and responsible. Then you'll be more careful, and make fewer mistakes. You'll have a new reason for using good judgment. 3. Share your fun with your family, whenever possible. Your parents see the troublesome side of you frequently. You see the unpleasant side of them. You need to enjoy companionship together. 4. Have your parents talk over their problems with someone who understands teen-agers and knows you and your sister. They'll get a new perspective that way.

Q *I'm 15, six feet tall, and weigh 170. I've been shaving for two years. My mother calls me "honey pie" and "muvver's little boy." My friends hear her and tease me. It really bugs me. How can I make her stop?—B.W.*

A Try to find a tactful way to ask her to stop. If she doesn't, go to your dad. He'll be able to help you. You certainly are too big for baby nicknames.

TEENS—you can get help on your everyday or unusual problems—and your name will remain confidential—when you write to Dr. Barbour c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill.



She rose above her stammering in

The Realms of SONG

By ASA ZADEL HALL

*"... she would raise her rich contralto
voice in a message of song ... beautiful and uplifting.
There was no faltering or hesitation."*



IT HAPPENED when my father was pastor of a little church in southern Michigan and I was a small boy of 11. Among the members of my father's flock was Anna Gurney, an attractive, well-educated woman of perhaps 38, always faithful in church attendance. She lived alone in a small cottage not far from the church and "sewed for a living," as the neighbors expressed it. A few of Anna's white basting threads were getting mixed with her dark, luxuriant hair, but they did not interfere with the wonderful smile she had for everybody. She was so lovely that all of us felt sorry about her stammering so badly.

Anna always took part in the mid-week services, but she did not pray or testify like the others. When a lull came in the meeting, she would raise her rich contralto voice in a message of song. Her singing was beautiful and uplifting. There was no faltering or hesitation.

All of us loved it. Sometimes she would tell us, "This is one of my ex-pastor's favorite songs." I learned that her former pastor was the one who officiated when she was received into the church back when she was a teen-ager, and she always spoke his name with something like reverence.

I used to wonder that she could sing so acceptably, but always stammered when she spoke. One of the songs she sang most frequently had this stanza:

*"Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue lies silent in the grave."*

Was she thinking of the time when glorious, unhampered singing would celebrate a glad release from her handicap? I used to feel like crying when she sang that song because she was so handicapped and so brave about it.

My next cause for wonder came one Wednesday evening when Anna told us that she was going to move away. She was offering her cottage and all her household goods for sale. Of course, father and mother and all of us were saddened by this announcement; but at the close of the service she put her hand lovingly on my head. She did not mention the fact that I was careless about my hair. (Sometimes I would slick it up in front, while it was all mussed up in the back where I could not see it so well.) Instead, she said something I shall always remember: "Asa, I hope that you will grow up to be a good Christian man." It was not a big speech, but what impressed me at the time was that she made it without stammering.

When I had crawled into my bed at night and was thinking of some of the day's happenings before I dropped off to sleep, I would recall how I had fought with my brother, or how I had skimmed the coal and kindling I was supposed to bring in

for mother. Then I would think of Anna Gurney placing her hand like a benediction upon me. She believed in me, and a lump about the size of a croquet ball would rise in my throat. I resolved never, never, never to disappoint her, but I could not quite figure out why she had not stammered when she said her benediction.

Then came another surprise. We were invited to a quiet wedding in the "lecture room" of the little church. Father read the marriage service, and then everybody crowded around to congratulate the radiant bride and the ex-pastor-groom who also looked supremely happy. Anna seemed perfectly at ease, responding graciously to all greetings and congratulations, and later cutting the homemade wedding cake.

"She never stammered once," said my mother later in wide-eyed wonder. "I hope it will last."

I pondered this enigma for a long time. Here were three occasions when Anna was free from stammering: whenever she sang, when her kindness overflowed in pronouncing a blessing on me, and when she married her beloved former pastor.

Why was it? What was the key to the mystery? I do not pretend to be a psychologist, and cannot give you any scientific explanation; but to a boy's mind the explanation seemed to be that on all of these occasions she had forgotten self and had risen above it into the realms of song.



Clinton B. Galatas
Marshall, Mo.

Stanley M. Sprague
Portsmouth, N.H.

Fred A. Napier
Midvale, Utah

Elvin T. Edgar
Mobile, Ala.

Light Unto My Path

*Weekly Meditations by Ministers on the International
Sunday School Lessons*

APRIL 7

"For this reason the Father loves me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again."—John 10:17

R. MERTON S. Rice used to tell the story of a Moravian missionary in the West Indies. A sincere and humble man, he tried his best to minister to the slaves he found there. However, his carefully prepared sermons fell on sleepy ears; the slaves were unresponsive to his kindness. He knew he was not reaching them. They were too wearied from hard labor to listen to his messages.

Finally, he hit upon the idea of becoming one of them. He sold himself to their master and became a slave with them. While sharing the heavy burden of toil and monotony, he gave them the Gospel. By sharing their weariness and their sorrows, he identified himself with those whom he sought to help.

It has been said that the late Thomas Mott Osborne, beloved superintendent of Sing Sing (N.Y.) Prison, often wore the prison uniform and worked with the inmates, thus identifying himself with their predicament.

There are some things that we must do, not from a sense of outward authority but from a sense of inward obligation. It is the feel-

ing of belonging. For God's sake, we take up life's obligations. For our own sake, we see them through. We do things that no man would dare require of us. Is this not the heart of magnificent sacrifice, if it can be called that?

Many notions of Christ's life and suffering and death are stilted and legal. These rob the Gospel of its power. The nobility of Jesus' life was his acceptance of God's will, wherever and to whatever it may have led. He was not pushed into a mold; he created a new kind of service, a new message of hope and life; and the Father approved and loved him. If he identified himself with the people, God's people, perhaps they would come to a clearer realization of God's love and his power. It followed the dream of John 17:11, "That they may be one, even as we are one."

Prayer: We thank thee, our Father, for all those who gave themselves in heroic and humble ways for mankind. Help us to seek thy approval for our ministry to those who share this world with us. Amen.

—CLINTON B. GALATAS

APRIL 14

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By

his great mercy we have been born anew to a life of hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, born to an unscathed, inviolate, unfading inheritance.—1 Peter 1:3-4 (Moffatt)

A ROUGH and ready Block Islander stood to give his testimony. In halting words, he began to tell of God's grace working in his heart. As the testimony began, there was wrested, as from the depth of his being, this exclamation from the lips of a gnarled, old fisherman sitting next to this writer:

"Thank God for the hope of a Christian!"

More than a quarter of a century later, this experience is still fresh in the memory. Capt. Bill Dunn was exclaiming in that prayer meeting what the Christian proclamation has been saying through the ages.

"The world had died in the night and been reborn," said James S. Stewart. That is what the Resurrection has meant to the ages. It is the ground of our hope. Christ's emergence from the tomb means that the things which are beyond history have now been incorporated within the framework of history.

Eternity has invaded time. The new age has come. "He who died has risen again!" This is the New

Testament's center of reference.

W. E. Sangster says that the rolled-away stone was not the means of His exit, but the means of the disciples' entrance. "This it is that makes the Resurrection more than a piece of history; it makes it also a pledge. This lifts it above the level of mere news and makes it a promise, for God rolled away the stone, not that his Son might rise, but that we might know he had risen . . ."

So an agnostic at the grave of a loved one says, "Hope sees a star and listening love can hear the flutter of a wing."

By God's great mercy, this undying hope is our heritage, our "unscathed, inviolate, unfading inheritance."

Prayer: O God, who has offered us such a lively hope, by thy grace lead us to a full acceptance of the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—STANLEY M. SPRAGUE

APRIL 21

My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.—Psalms 73:26

THE SNOWY-CAPPED peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountain Range in southern Colorado were named, so legend tells us, by a Spanish prince whose bride-to-be died only a few hours before their wedding day. To assuage his grief, the young scion sought solace in orders and became confessor to a company of Spanish adventurers in the New America.

Conflict with Indians as they entered the San Luis Valley soon resulted in the loss to them of this spiritual father. As the sunlight turned the snowy peaks into silver and gold, the dying priest rose up with a sudden surge of life and cried, *Sangre de Cristo* (Blood of Christ), and with a smile of peace lay down again and died.

By the upward look, the silver and gold of these peaks, towering to an average height of 14,000 feet, may be seen on any clear day.

Easter has come and gone once more but the struggle of life goes on. Let us look to God as we see him in the blood of Christ, who is the strength of our life.

Often, communicants have told me they dislike the idea of the shed blood as symbolized in the

use of the wine. But, others have said that, to them, the Communion is the most renewing experience ever to come into their lives. So, to some, the wine is a symbol of torture, while to others it is the renewal of strength and their portion forever.

*Look up! Look up!
In the light of God's Love
And see the blood of Christ.*

Prayer: Our Father, in the light of thy Love, may we find redemption in the Savior's blood. When our heart and flesh fail and we are fearful, may we find in thee strength to walk and not faint. When our way seems dark and our light dim, may we put our hand in thine and find our trust in thee, "safer than any known way," and a light on our path that shines unto the perfect day. We pray through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—FRED A. NAPIER

APRIL 28

"Be still, and know that I am God. I am exalted among the nations, I am exalted in the earth."—Psalms 46:10

IN THE midst of bitter persecution, Martin Luther once said to his friend, Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psalm!"

Luther wrote both words and music to the greatest hymn of the Reformation, *A Mighty Fortress is Our God*. Founded upon Psalm 46, it has been the inspiration of great gatherings of people. James

Moffatt says it is "the greatest hymn of the greatest man in the greatest period of German history."

The hymn *Be Still, My Soul*, by Catharina von Schlegel, might well have been founded on this Psalm. The Lord is here speaking to all those forces in the universe that are opposed to him. The words used in this divine command carry rich, spiritual suggestions: "desist"—cease from what you are doing; "refrain"—withhold yourself from antagonistic, rebellious assertion; "relax"—let the reins of your life fall into God's hands; "be still"—be receptive of the power of God. Realize what it means to have God in your midst. The closing refrain sounds like a mighty shout of ultimate triumph.

In the foyer of a busy downtown church is this notice: Enter, Rest, Wait, Meditate, Pray, Commune with God. People from the busy and noisy world are invited to "be still and know." Therefore, be still awhile from thy own thoughts, searchings, seekings, desires, and imaginations, and be fixed in the principle of God, that it may raise your mind up to God.

We have been so busy talking that we have not had time to listen; trying to be seen, that we have not seen God's creation about us. God made the beauty around us, and he gave us our senses, but we let the beauty go unseen and unheard.

Prayer: Lord, grant that we might be still and know. Amen.

—ELVIN T. EDGAR

John Wesley's Prayer

*I am no longer my own but Thine;
Put me to what Thou wilt; Rank me with whom
Thou wilt;
Put me to doing; Put me to suffering;
Let me be employed for Thee; or laid aside
for Thee;
Exalted for Thee; or brought low for Thee;
Let me be full; let me be empty;
Let me have all things; let me have nothing;
I freely and heartily yield all things to Thy
pleasure and disposal;
And now; O Glorious and Blessed God;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit;
Thou art mine; and I am Thine
And the covenant which I have made
on earth be ratified in Heaven.*



Iowa's Intense Collegians—

They Ask Sharp Questions . . . *And Listen*

TOGETHER looks in on the Liberal Arts Festival at Simpson College.



AFTER it was all over—after the learned speeches, the symposia and panel discussions, the barrage of questions from young minds—the inquiring visitors came away in praise of the climate at Simpson College.

“Climate,” in this sense, has nothing to do with the soft beauty of early autumn on the spacious, tree-shaded campus at Indianola, Iowa. It refers to a lively atmosphere of intellectual and moral excellence typical of a new generation of collegians at more than 120 Methodist-related schools of higher learning across America.

The event was Simpson's ninth annual Christian Liberal Arts Festival, and the visitors were leading national and international figures in education, religion, world affairs, journalism, and business. Present as guests of honor to lecture, answer questions, and ask a few of their own, were Dean C. A. Simpson of Christ Church—the Oxford college from which John Wesley, founder of Methodism, was graduated in 1724;

From copious notes will come background material for many future classroom meetings of Simpson's Vital Center study groups.



Friendly rivals: Robert C. Kirkwood, Woolworth president (left), attends a session with Stanley Kresge, Simpson College friend and Methodist philanthropist. At right is Simpson's President Kerstetter.

Question from the floor: A student, Michael Herzfeld, asks Sir Hugh Foot: "What means would you consider best in dispensing foreign aid to underdeveloped countries and those being created?"



Sir Hugh Foot, then the United Kingdom's ambassador to the United Nations (also see his article on page 14); Robert C. Kirkwood, president of F. W. Woolworth Co.; Merimon Cuninggim, the Danforth Foundation; Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, Iowa Area, The Methodist Church; and Leland D. Case, editor of TOGETHER.

Theme of the three-day program was *A Climate for Excellence* out of which "scholarly aspiration and sound learning can come." Simpson's own Vital Center Program for stu-

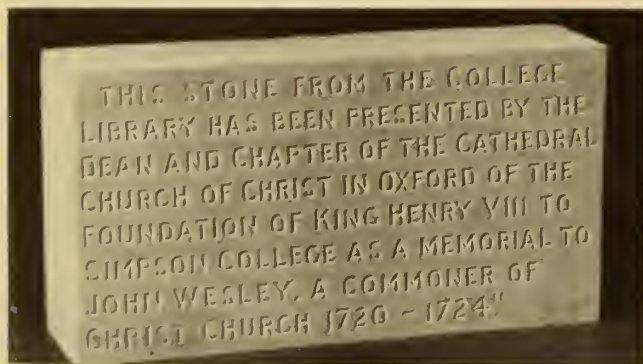
A panel of students and visitors discusses Mr. Kirkwood's address: A Climate for Excellence in American Business.



dents is designed to achieve this, President William E. Kerstetter explained.

"The student is directed to focus his educational experience on the raising of certain universal questions which impinge upon man as a human being—such as the purpose of his life, the values he holds supreme, the nature of man, and the structure of the universe."

Simpson is forming close ties with Wesley's alma mater. This year, the Iowa school will send an outstanding senior to Oxford; and a professor of English history at Oxford, J. Steven Watson, inaugurates that school's new annual tradition of sending a ranking member of its faculty to teach for a semester at Simpson.



The long ties between English and American Methodists, between old Oxford and Iowa's Simpson College, bring two distinguished British guests. Sir Hugh Foot (above), a one-time colonial governor, is a prominent Methodist and a dynamic leader in world affairs. Dr. C. A. Simpson (at left, below) is dean of Christ Church, the college in Oxford, England, where Methodism's founder, John Wesley, studied. Dean Simpson is shown as he presents to President William Kerstetter the Wesley Memorial Stone (detail at left) from Oxford for Simpson's new library or chapel building.





Browsing in Fiction

With GERALD KENNEDY, BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

THE TROUBLE with generalities is that just when you settle down to accept them as true, along comes some exception which upsets the whole proposition. People who think in generalities never come to the truth, and their opinions are to be distrusted. Few generations have been more guilty of this fault than ours, and part of the sickness of these times is a tendency to paste general labels on people and organizations.

This line of thought started in my mind after attending a preview of an outstanding movie the other night. Just when a fellow settles down to accepting a general and adverse opinion of Hollywood, along comes a picture that makes him want to stand up and cheer. This is very disturbing to a man's prejudices, and it makes him re-examine all the bad things he has said about the movies.

I saw *To Kill a Mockingbird*, produced by Alan Pakula and directed by Robert Mulligan. The only widely known star in the picture is Gregory Peck, who plays the part of a small-town lawyer and widower who has a young daughter, Scout, and a young son, Jem. The setting is in Alabama, and the drama centers in the trial of a Negro accused of rape. He is defended by Atticus Finch, the lawyer, played by Peck. A tragic note runs through the film as one sees good men caught in a society that cannot escape from the fetters of the past.

This is a wonderful picture with Peck doing as effective a job as he has done in his career. The two children almost steal the show; yet they have never been on the screen before. I, for one, am getting a little tired of so-called spectacles where sheer size seems to be a substitute for drama.

In this picture there are those little touches that you never forget. There is, for example, a scene where the lawyer's son, Jem, is sitting in a car, and a little Negro boy comes up and stares at him curiously. After a little while, Jem lifts his hand in a bashful kind of greeting, and the Negro boy responds. From this small gesture one begins to see the beginnings of broken barriers and mutual appreciation.

Or there is the scene where Walter, the son of a poor farmer, comes to lunch with Scout and Jem and pours syrup all over his meat and potatoes. When Scout makes fun of this outlandish procedure, she is taken outside and lectured by the Negro housekeeper on how to treat one's guests.

I do not see how anyone can see this picture without coming to some better appreciation of what the Bible means by the love of God. This is not a sweetly sentimental picture but a human document that makes you believe there is hope for the human race. How wonderful to see good, decent people instead of the cheap and the perverted.

When I recall some of the stuff that has come out of the studios in my home town, I bow my head in shame. But when I see a picture like this one, it makes me realize how wonderful the movies can be. I don't know any modern art form that has such power to strike great blows for human dignity and a peaceful world.

May God hasten the day when movie directors, movie producers, and movie financiers begin to see the wonderful power that God has given them and may he bring them use of that power for his purposes. I could go on and on for the more I think of *To Kill a Mockingbird*, the more I want to talk about it and shout from the housetops that everybody ought to see it.

I am going to mention another movie because I am in the mood: Walt Disney's *In Search of the Castaways*. This will be enjoyable for the youngsters, and it will not be hard to take so far as adults are concerned either. It's just sheer adventure with some nice music and a couple of very attractive youngsters. It takes one all the way from Europe to South America to Australia. I cannot help but say that there are few men who have aged more gracefully than Maurice Chevalier, and there are few young girls as talented as Hayley Mills. The picture would have been improved had it been shortened, but it is the kind of picture the whole family can view without being ashamed.

Now, not everybody may want to go to movies this month, so I am going to mention a book. It is *THE MARRIED LAND*, by Charles G. Bell (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95). I don't know how a fellow could choose a worse title than this one. I read the book because it was the only one available at a time when I had a few minutes to spare.

As if that were not enough, the first chapter is about the dullest thing I have ever read. It starts discussing a genealogical pattern that is so confusing I never did know who is who, or where these people really belonged.

I was taught in making a speech, that if you do not capture your audience in the first minute, you do not get them at all. The same principle could obtain so far as writing is concerned. If I were a novelist, I would try to make my first chapter plain and direct. Charles Bell has done everything to discourage any readers, which seems to be the common approach of some of the so-called serious novelists. I still fail to understand why a man cannot be serious and at the same time lucid.

But if you will get over these first two obstacles, you will find a book that is full of real people and a story that carries itself through the drama of personality. It has to do with a young Southern novelist who married a Pennsylvania Quaker girl. The plot takes you into the backgrounds of these two families and how they made their contributions and what their strengths and weaknesses were. Once I got into it, I was carried along by the sense of reality and quiet excitement which permeates good writing.

I need to warn you that it is very earthy. Now and again, a bad word occurs because there are people who use such language. There are rather intimate scenes portrayed, but it did not seem to me that this element was excessive or that it was dragged in to make an impression.

I think we have here a real writer. I hope that for his next novel he will find a better title and write a better first chapter. I pass these suggestions along to him without any charge.



In the quiet Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus prayed for the courage to go . . .

The Way of the Cross

For God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God sent the Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world might be saved through him.

—John 3:16-17

ABOUT THIS time in the spring, many, many years ago, Jesus, the Son of God, went to stay in the city of Jerusalem. Everywhere he went there were crowds of people waiting to hear him.

Men, women, and children crowded in front of him and followed after him. They were so happy they sang and shouted. Some people spread their coats on the ground for Jesus to ride over. Others laid palm leaves across his path.

But not everyone in Jerusalem liked Jesus. The leaders of the government and the churches were afraid of the power he had. They had seen him perform miracles, a thing none of them could do. They had seen and heard how he could heal the sick, and even raise the dead, and make them alive again. And they were jealous of the love people had for him.

So these enemies plotted and made plans to get rid of Jesus. He was in grave danger. Every day that he stayed in Jerusalem, the danger grew.

Jesus knew this. But he was not afraid, and went about the city teaching and preaching as though there was no danger.

When Jesus had been in the city several days, he called his closest friends, the 12 disciples, to come to supper with him. They met upstairs in the home of a friend.

The disciples did not know it, but that was to be their last supper with Jesus. He broke pieces of bread and passed it to his friends. Then he drank from a cup of wine and passed the cup around to them.

They talked of the danger that threatened Jesus, and Jesus said, "In a little while, you will see me no more." Then he told them not to be sad or worry about him, that he would go to be with God, his Father, and in a short time he would return to them again.

The disciples said they did not understand. Jesus said they would understand some day soon.

After the supper, Jesus went to a quiet garden named Gethsemane to pray. This time he took with him three of his close friends, the disciples Peter, James, and John. While they were there praying, another of the disciples, Judas, went to

Jesus' enemies and told them where he was. Judas then brought soldiers back to the garden and they arrested Jesus. Peter, James, and John were very frightened and ran away, leaving him with the soldiers.

Jesus did not have a fair trial. He had done nothing wrong, but his enemies had already made up their minds that he was to be put to death. They had witnesses stand before the court and make false charges. The witnesses could not even agree on what Jesus was supposed to have done wrong. Even so, the court said he was guilty.

The next morning he was taken before the Roman governor, Pontius Pilate, to be sentenced. Since Jesus had done nothing wrong, Pilate did not want to sentence him. But Jesus' enemies cried, "Crucify him!" which means "kill him."

Pilate wanted to please the people who loved Jesus, but he also was afraid not to do as the enemies of Jesus asked. First, he washed his hands, to show that he would not take any responsibility for what was going to happen to Jesus. Then he gave Jesus to the soldiers.

Jesus was put on a wooden cross and left to die.

On the third day after his death, Jesus returned to his followers, and walked and talked with them. At first they were amazed, but then they remembered that he had promised them that he would come back to be with them again.

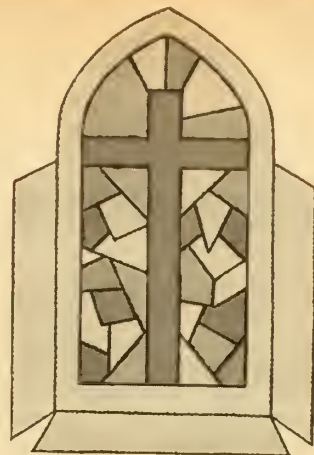
His return led his followers to form themselves into the first Christian church and to continue his teaching and healing, and all the work of God.

From that spring until now, Christians everywhere have used the cross as a sign that they believe Jesus is the Savior of all the world.

Different peoples in different countries have made the cross in different forms, so that now there are at least 385 different kinds.

Some people have added jewels and precious stones to parts of the cross, and it may be made of silver, gold, or other precious metals, or even of glass or plastic.

But always, the cross is to remind us of the love of God for all of us, and that he gave his only Son to die for us, that we might become his sons forever.—DOROTHY ARNS



Make Your Own Stained-Glass Window

MANY PEOPLE enjoy stained-glass windows more at this time of year than at any other. Perhaps it is because the earth is taking on the new, bright colors of spring.

It is fun to have *your own* special stained-glass window, and to make one for a teacher.

To make your window, you will need a sheet of thin, white paper, such as tracing paper; cardboard, such as the top of a shirt box; crayons, water colors, or felt-tipped pens; a pair of blunt-tipped scissors; some glue; and a table to work on.

Begin by cutting a window frame from the cardboard. If you use a box top, the sides and one end can be used to make your window stand up.

If you use a flat piece of cardboard for the window frame, cut two easel supports and use clear tape to fasten them to the back of each side of the frame.

Draw your own design on the white paper, using a cross, flowers, a lamb, or Bible characters.

The colors in the picture are to represent stained glass. The black lines represent lead which connects the glass and outlines the design.

Use a black crayon for the lead outline of your design; also color the cardboard window frame black.

When your design for the stained glass is finished and colored, put glue around the edges and fasten it to the back of the cardboard window frame.

Set the stained-glass window up between you and your table lamp, or a sunny window. You will enjoy looking at the beautiful colors for many months, and it will remind you of God's beautiful earth in springtime.—ELLA B. ELLIS

Looks at NEW Books

WHAT DID Jesus look like? For almost 2,000 years, artists all over the world have given us pictures of him, and they are as varied as the cultures from which they sprang.

Ecce Homo (Harper & Row, \$15)—the Latin for Pilate's words when he presented Jesus to the Jews, "Behold the man"—draws on the works of little-known or anonymous artists around the world and across the centuries for a story of the life of Christ.

There are works of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Eastern Orthodox origin, Chinese watercolors, wood sculpture from Dahomey, enamel work from France, tapestry from Switzerland, art from many lands and peoples. All have the freshness and directness of folk art, and most of them will be new to the reader.

Joseph Jobe, who selected the art and wrote the narrative, says, "I owe my book to that mysterious bond which

unites all Christians in faith, hope, and charity: the universal church."

Ecce Homo is expensive for the average home library. But I hope it will be found in many church libraries as an antidote for oversentimentalized religious "art" and as a testament to the universality of the Christian faith and the brotherhood that binds all followers of the Christ together.

Lent is a time for reflection, study, and prayer. In my own study, I have been reading a number of books, old and new. Among the new are these:

Key Words for Lent (Seabury, \$2.75) sounds like an ordinary title, but I assure you **George W. Barrett's** consideration of repentance, obedience, commitment, grace, suffering, and freedom is anything but ordinary. It will be welcomed by readers who want to go beyond platitudes.

Another discussion of words: **Paul L. Moore's** *Seven Words of Men Around the Cross* (Abingdon, \$2) moves from the historic situation to contemporary living to challenge today's Christian to consider what he himself is saying or not saying for Christ.

Inspiring during Lent or any other time is *Fight On! Fear Not!* (Abingdon, \$2.50), a collection of 10 sermons by Methodist Bishop **Arthur J. Moore**. Bishop Moore celebrated his 74th birthday recently, but these sermons are as timely as tomorrow.

In another mood is *Listening to the Saints* (The Upper Room, \$1; per dozen, \$10), for which **J. Manning Potts** has compiled meditations from the devotional masters. The selections are grouped under major theological themes.

Come to Easter! (Abingdon, \$1) tells us that the old English word "lent" meant springtime, as did the still older Anglo-Saxon word "lencten." It is in the century-old Christian meaning of the word "Lent" as springtime of the spirit that **Anna Laura** and **Edward**

*Jesus and the children as
Luc Tcheng, founder of a school of
Christian art in China before
World War II, conceived them.
From the book Ecce Homo.*



Gebhard have prepared this helpful paperback book. You will find it a rich source of worship motifs, activities, and customs for your family during the period of fasting, penitence, and prayer leading up to Easter.

Young readers who want to know what happened after the Resurrection will find a vigorous and inspiring record in *The Life of Saint Paul* (Random House, \$1.95) by **Harry Emerson Fosdick**. Not only is it a biography of the man who played such an extraordinary part in carrying the Christian faith to the Western world, it is also a history of the early Christian church that ranges over the vast Roman Empire of the first century.

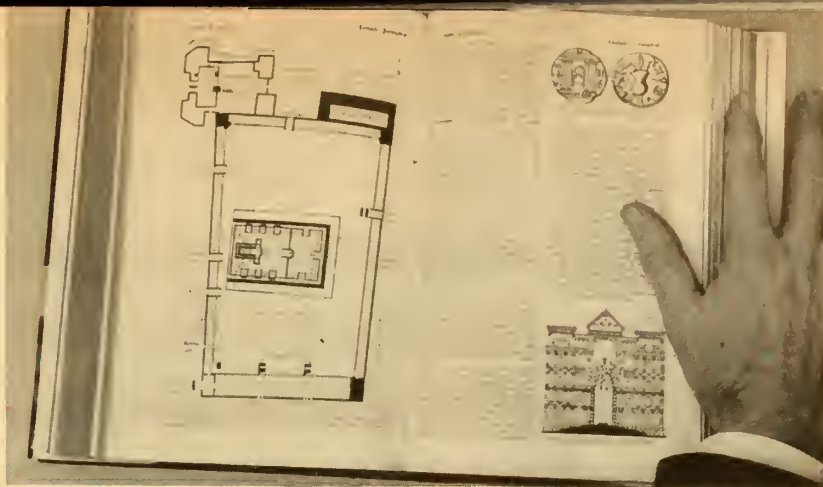
For an intimate view of life in Palestine during Jesus' lifetime, young readers may turn to *Jemal of the Hill Country* (McGraw-Hill, \$2.95) by **Muriel Zahn**. The story of the young Israelite and his search for an older brother enslaved by the Romans is fiction, but the background is authentic and the writing vivid.

That the program of African studies at Methodist-related Northwestern University has earned worldwide respect—and affection—is directly traceable to the brilliant mind and warm humanity of its director, anthropology professor **Melville J. Herskovits**.

Mr. Herskovits (he prefers not to be called doctor) carried on his first field research in Africa in 1931, in the old colonial setting. In 1953 in Lagos, he attended the session of the Nigerian House of Representatives when the withdrawal of members from the Western and Eastern Regions broke the existing constitution of the then British protectorate and paved the way for self-government. The same year, he was in Kenya during the Mau Mau rebellion. In 1957, when Ghana obtained its independence; in 1960, when Nigeria became fully self-governing; and in 1961, at the celebration of the first anniversary of the independence of Senegal, he was there.

When he writes a book, he does not confine himself to the field of anthropological research. His latest, *The Human Factor in Changing Africa* (Knopf, \$6.95), is a fascinating probe behind the contemporary scene. It shows the evolution of African cultures from prehistoric times, the influence of Africa on the West as well as that of the West on Africa, change and resistance to change, and the vital aspects of the new Africa.

It upset some of my preconceived ideas, and I suspect it will upset some of yours. But if you have an inquiring



Illustrations dot 26 pages explaining Jerusalem's ancient temples.

A dictionary that takes you . . .

From A to ZUZIM

SOLD OUT—two months before publication date—35,000 four-volume sets! Now, with more than 42,000 sets in use, *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible* still is making publishing history for Abingdon Press.

On January 17, 1955, when 10 men sat down to plan the project at New York's Union Theological Seminary, it had been over 50 years since the last complete dictionary of the Bible had been printed in English. In that half century, archaeological discoveries had thrown brilliant new light on all areas of biblical scholarship, and a new dictionary was acutely needed. These men were going to create it.

Around the table were Pat Beaird, manager of Abingdon Press, who had called the meeting; Abingdon's book editor, Nolan B. Harmon, soon to become a Methodist bishop; Lovick Pierce, Methodist Publishing House president and publisher; Associate Publisher J. Edgar Washbaugh; Assistant Book Editors Gordon Duncan and Robert Roy Wright, and five distinguished Bible scholars.

George A. Buttrick of Harvard University would serve as general editor of the dictionary. Thomas S. Kepler and Herbert G. May of Oberlin College and John Knox and Samuel Terrien of Union were to be its associate editors. They would be joined later by a fifth associate editor, Emory S. Bucke, who became Abingdon book editor in 1956.

Abingdon was no newcomer to Bible reference works. Already it had published *The Interpreter's Bible*,

a 12-volume commentary that has no equal in its field. Now it was going to tackle *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*.

Who would use such a dictionary? That was the first question members of the group asked themselves. They decided that it should be comprehensive but easy to understand so anyone could use it—busy ministers, scholars, college and seminary students, church-school teachers, laymen, anyone who wanted to understand the Bible better. And to provide the greatest help to understanding, it was decided that *The Interpreter's Dictionary* would go beyond identification of terms to include encyclopedia-length articles on topics of basic importance.

Getting the big dictionary together was a stupendous job. First, the editors had to devise a classification system for every person, place, plant, animal, mineral, and object mentioned in the Bible. Then theological concepts and doctrines were added.

The next step was contacting the 253 authorities, from 15 countries, who were to contribute the text. Some sent manuscripts in their own languages. Manuscript and proof flew around the world.

Finally, 5 years and 33 editorial meetings later, the four-volume *Dictionary* (priced at \$45) came off the press on October 15, 1962.

Today clergymen, scholars, and laymen of many faiths and denominations are delving into the storehouse of biblical knowledge to be found between the dictionary's first entry, *A*, and its last, *Zuzim*.

—HELEN JOHNSON

NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED APRIL 8th

While I'm On My Feet

Gerald Kennedy. A Methodist bishop gives his stimulating opinions about the duties, delights, and dilemmas of pastors, bishops, superintendents and missionaries. 208 pages. \$3.50

The Word Became Flesh

E. Stanley Jones. Dr. Jones's new book gives the reader an inspiring thought for each day—364 daily devotionals from John 1:14. 384 pages. \$2.50

Power Of Paul

W. McFerrin Stowe. The powerful role of the Gospel in Paul's life is the theme of these 14 sermons—full to the brim with optimism and encouragement. 128 pages. \$2.50

For A Deeper Life

Grace S. Dawson. This heart-warming book of meditations will introduce you to a richer, more rewarding life—a life of prayer. Poetry is used throughout. 112 pages. \$2

Wounded Spirits

Leslie D. Weatherhead. These unusual case histories are those of living people who have been brought back from some form of illness to a healthy life. For anyone interested in healing. 176 pages. \$3

order from your bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

The Book Publishing Division of
The Methodist Publishing House

mind and a real desire to know about Africa south of the Sahara, this is the best book you can read.

The distinguished naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison tells the story of his own boyhood in a sunny and tender little book, *One Boy's Boston* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3). It takes us back to the years from 1887 to 1901, which were, Admiral Morison remembers: "a great time for a boy to grow up in Boston."

Schooners sailed in what is now called the "Basin," and the Charles River came right up to Brimmer Street. It was in his grandfather's house at 44 Brimmer Street, at the foot of Beacon Hill, that Admiral Morison was born; and it is in that home with its high-ceilinged drawing room and paneled dining room that he still lives.

Another New England boyhood is re-created in *Diary of an Early American Boy: Noah Blake 1805* (Wilfred Funk, \$6.50). Eric Sloane discovered the small, leather-bound, wood-backed diary one day when he was exploring an old house. He became fascinated by the 15-year-old Noah's record of life on his father's farm, took a writer's liberty to imagine a good deal, added drawings of the everyday tools Noah probably used, and produced a book that has a special appeal for readers who like to know how things are made and what they do.

My first encounter with Carl Sandburg's poetry was back when I was a schoolboy. The poems—I will never forget them—were *Chicago* and *Fog*.

Since then, I doubt if many Americans have passed through our public educational system without having been exposed to these or other works by

Sandburg, who holds almost equal standing as a poet, novelist, biographer, and historian. Certainly, readers of *TOGETHER* in 1958 and 1959 must remember his powerful and sensitive verse about the widow of Peter Cartwright. It ran in November, 1958 [page 27], and again in November, 1959 [page 51], when *TOGETHER* observed the 175th anniversary of Methodism.

Now I have before me *Honey and Salt* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75), with 77 new Sandburg poems. Published on his 85th birthday, it proves that his mind and heart are as alive as they were when he was a young man. His creative power remains tremendous.

A friend who as a little girl thrilled to Laura Ingalls Wilder's eight *Little House* books, told me she has long wondered what happened after them. I ran across a partial answer in *On the Way Home* (Harper & Row, \$2.95). This is Mrs. Wilder's diary of a trip from South Dakota to Mansfield, Mo., in 1894. Her novelist daughter, Rose Wilder Lane, provides a setting.

I never read a *Little House* book, nor shall I. But this little volume stands up by itself, bringing us a rare insight into the lives of sincere and sober people seven or eight decades ago.

It was the fifth century. The Goths were at Rome's very doors. Yet the Romans refused to believe that these barbarians, with their lower standard of living, could do anything worth the concern of the once-magnificent Roman Empire. Smug and comfortable, the Romans educated their young to ease and luxury, and screamed themselves hoarse betting on the chariot races.

The emptiest places in the city were the libraries; and, without a knowledge

■ ■ ■

What incredible audacity!

He addressed the Creator of the universe
Father!

He nicknamed a flabby fisherman
Rock!

He called the rabble in the streets
Brethren!

He proclaimed hated Samaritans
Good!

The incredible audacity of this man!

—VIRGIL A. KRAFT

of history, the Romans underestimated their competitors. So Rome fell, dragging civilization down with it.

I found that description in *Enough Good Men* (World, \$4.95), but Albert Burke drew it from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "Change a few dates, a few names, a few places, and you could come very close to our time," Dr. Burke says.

Enough Good Men is a challenging statement of the individual American's responsibilities by the former director of graduate studies in conservation for Yale University. Dr. Burke now is a television analyst of world affairs. Man cannot afford to be uninformed, he declares. Man must not fear controversy or new ideas, nor be afraid to speak his mind.

This moves me to remind you that April 21-27 will be National Library Week. Its theme: "Reading—The Fifth Freedom . . . Enjoy It!" I suspect Dr. Burke would add: learn from it, then use your knowledge.

Walter Havighurst is one of my favorite writers on the history and lore of mid USA, and he has done a fascinating job on Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois in *The Heartland* (Harper & Row, \$6.95).

I do think, though, that his references to Protestantism as a developmental factor are inadequate. Perhaps he regards the influence of circuit riders, revivals, and churches as so obvious they need little attention. My own reaction is that the author was reaching hard for the sensational. Then, remembering that camp meetings did have their foolish facets, perhaps it is just as well that they and associated revival activities escaped treatment.

The Heartland is one of the *Regions of America* series.

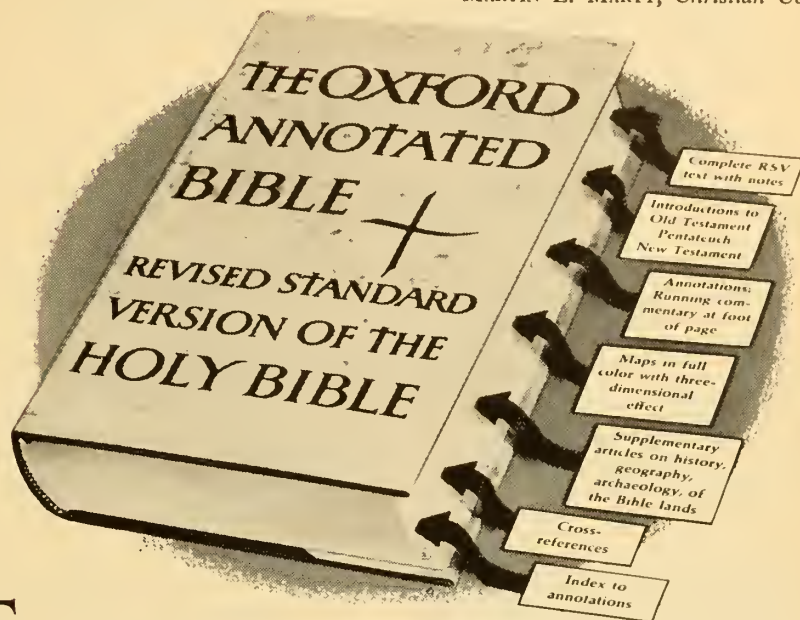
"For a while I prayed there in that chair. Presently, I got up, finished dressing and, with my wife Martha, went to church as I had planned to do before I was notified of Governor Ulmstead's death."

That was what happened when Methodist layman Luther H. Hodges learned that he was to become governor of North Carolina. He tells about it in *Businessman in the Statehouse* (University of North Carolina Press, \$4.75).

Other passages reveal that Methodism was neither a late nor casual influence in the life of the man who now serves as U.S. Secretary of Commerce. On page 276 there is reference to Lady Astor's salty table talk, which "started before I had even finished saying grace." And there is the moment when Mrs. Hodges had to explain "very diplomatically" to a visiting diplomat that in the public area of the governor's

"For study purposes this has no competitors or peers."

—MARTIN E. MARTY, *Christian Century*



The immediate acceptance which has greeted THE OXFORD ANNOTATED BIBLE across a wide spectrum of denominations is almost unprecedented. More than a hundred colleges have already adopted it, and ministers all across the country are recommending it as the ideal study Bible for individuals and groups. Its critical reception has been in unparalleled superlatives, such as:

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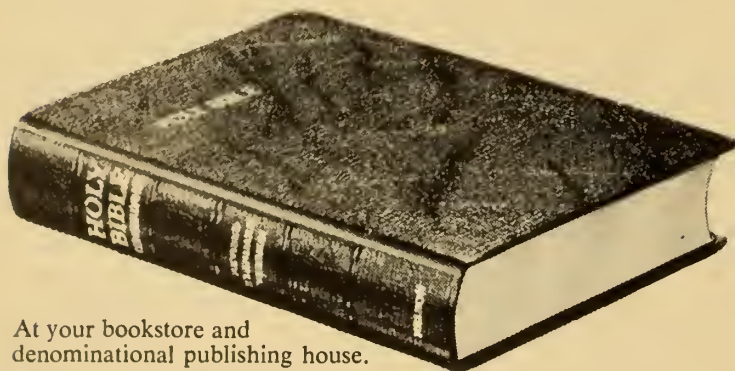
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Many of the problems facing Governor Hodges were common to all states: taxes, budget balancing, the increasing requirements of public education, the politics of highway construction, conflicts of labor and management. Some were special, like the crucial problem of segregation and the need to raise standards of living by industrialization. Sometimes the governor met the problem simply and directly; sometimes, as in the case of segregation, he had to steer a cautious course between extremes.

His story is told with candor and the magnetism of the activist.

I have been tracing the course of the Christian faith through two new books—*The March of the Cross* (McGraw-Hill, \$10) and *A History of Rome and the Romans* (Crown, \$12.50).

Both might be termed picture books if it were not for the excellent texts that weave the illustrations into historical panorama. The Roman history, of course, does not go on into the Protestant Reformation, but its references to the early Church are fascinating. It was prepared by a board of experts under the direction of **Robert Laffont**.

In *The March of the Cross*, **Leonard W. Cowie** carries the reader from Calvary to the church in our own time in a compact and informative commentary.

Since 1945, he has been head of the history department at the College of Saint Mark and Saint John, at London University.

"I'm planning on getting to the moon. I think I'll get to Mars."

I, Barnabas, am of an age that makes a remark like that from a living man seem like something out of science-fiction. However, I know very well that when L. Gordon Cooper, Jr., said it in *We Seven* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.50) he meant just what he said.

Cooper, who is the seventh of the U.S. astronauts and the one scheduled to make the next space flight for Project Mercury, is the youngest of the seven and hopes he has a "good 20 years to go yet." [Also see page 27.]

We Seven is the personal and scientific story of Project Mercury told by the astronauts themselves. It's fascinating reading, and after you have finished it, their technical competency, their broad view of their purposes, and their very humanness will have given you the reasons these men were chosen as our pioneers in space—**M. Scott Carpenter**, **L. Gordon Cooper, Jr.**, **John H. Glenn, Jr.**, **Virgil I. Grissom**, **Walter M. Schirra, Jr.**, **Alan B. Shepard, Jr.**, and **Donald K. Slayton**.

—BARNABAS



Letters

Lots of 'Meat' in This Powwow!

RALPH McILRATH
Kingman, Kans.

Everyone should read *More Perilous Than the H-Bomb: The Food Gap* [January, page 22]. Dr. Georg Borgstrom offered a deep study of basic facts. John Nuveen's treatment was excellent, and Dr. Gaither Warfield was very persuasive.

Good Sense Is the Answer

CLARK R. YOST, *Ret. Minister*
Eldorado, Ill.

Prof. Borgstrom overlooks the real causes of hunger—waste, faulty distribution, and failure to produce where production is possible. Our soil bank (the federal farm program whereby land is kept out of production) is a sin.

Charles B. Shuman talks sense when he says there would be no food gap if all farms in the world were as productive as those in the U.S. And the U.S. can produce much more. Dr. Warfield points to a solution of the hunger problem—Christain stewardship.

Don't Ignore Inventiveness

BENJAMIN R. CROSBY
Bronx, N.Y.

Dr. Borgstrom summarized the food problem well, but he erred in suggesting solutions. He ignores the inventiveness of our competitive enterprise economy.

As Charles B. Shuman says, what the sick world needs is American capitalism and democracy. Well-intentioned people promoting socialistic schemes in misguided humanitarianism are eroding the initiative without which democracy cannot last.

'Nourishment' Gap, Too

EARL W. MUTCH
Chardon, Ohio

The Food Gap [January, page 22] tells of undernourished millions in other lands. More than half of the children in the U.S. are poorly nourished, and physical tests have shown that children of India are superior to ours.

People of Hunza (a tiny state in northern Kashmir) live to 90 and over 100. They suffer none of our dread diseases. Experiments showed rats fed the Hunzan diet remained healthy through several generations, while rats

fed the U.S. diet became nervous and were stricken with ulcers, cancer, and heart disease.

Ghost Comes To Life

VICTOR M. NIPPERT
Lake Katrine, N.Y.

The ghost in John Haidt's *Christ Before the Mob* [January, pages 41 and 74] appears to be an underpainting. The artist cartooned a thin man, possibly to show weakness in personality. Several in the mob are looking toward the ghost rather than toward Christ on the platform.

I believe Haidt had begun this art with a central figure (probably Pilate)—violating a primary rule in painting; then noticed the composition lacking tension. He covered the central figure with light paint, and now the darker underpainting shows through. By making opposing postures in the foreground, Haidt created an atmosphere of tension and violence.

It Looks Like Twins

MARVIN R. GUICE, *Dist. Supt.*
New Jersey Conference
Millville, N.J.

If you look carefully, you can see that the ghost is two persons. It cannot be "Moses holding up the stone tablets." The person on the left has his right arm extended sideways; the other has his right arm extended in front and his left hand on his head.

Another Sees Double

WALTER J. SHARP
Dover, N.J.

It appears to me there are two figures in the ghost in *Christ Before the Mob*. The faces of some of the mob and the accusing finger of one man (maybe Pilate) point to them, rather than to the figure of Christ.

Chicago Honored Haidt in 1949

HANS HUTH
Art Institute of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

I am very glad that you have given such a widespread series of pictures by John Valentine Haidt. By a strange coincidence, I am just preparing an article about him for a German publication. The Art Institute exhibited paint-

ings by John Valentine Haidt at a show we had in 1949. He had caught my attention a long time ago when I was writing a book on the Moravian cabinet-makers Roentgen.

At that time, I saw a picture by Haidt called the *First Fruit* in Hernnhut, which meanwhile has been bombed. It showed the first people who had been Christianized by the Moravian missionaries.

A later copy of the picture is in Bethlehem. It is very strange that Haidt should have been overlooked for so long, especially since most writers claim that there are no early religious paintings in this country.

Penny Is Proud, Excited . . .

PENNY CRIPPS
Headington, Oxford, England

The January issue of *TOGETHER* made me very proud and excited. In addition, it was a great experience to feel that one of us could help spread the story of Methodism to our Methodist friends



and church in America. I am very glad also that my uncle, Raymond, was so successful with the various photographs he took for your publication.

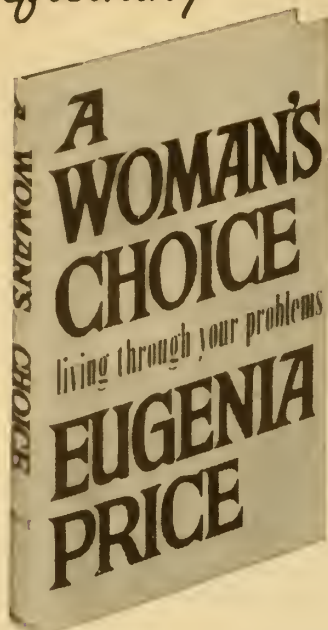
It was nice to hear from you, Penny—and we were proud of you as our first English cover girl! TOGETHER readers join in a "thank you" to you and to your clever photo-taking uncle, Raymond Cripps.—Eds.

Deaconesses: Minimum Salary Up

MARY LOU BARNWELL, *Exec. Secy.*
Commission on Deaconess Work of
The Methodist Church
475 Riverside Drive
New York 27, N.Y.

The splendid presentation of the deaconess movement in the February issue of *TOGETHER* [*American Deaconesses: 75 Years of Shining Service*, page 35] helps greatly to interpret the story of the Christian witness of many dedi-

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Written by a woman for women, this is a continuation of the chats begun in "Woman to Woman."
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Whoops! But It Was Only Water!

The anonymous subscriber who clipped this "offensive" picture from Bishop Richard C. Raines' *Russia in Paradox* [January, page 14] suspects that those bottles on the table contain liquid unapproved by the

Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Not so. Serving water in bottles is a European custom of long standing—an especially commendable one when and where tap water is suspect.—EDITORS.

cated, trained women in our great church. You will be glad to know the approved minimum salary for a deaconess, as listed on page 41, has been more than doubled since 1960. The amount of \$125 is now the monthly salary for the short-term worker in home fields—the U.S.2s. Deaconesses usually receive the prevailing salary of the community for similar work, consideration being given to her training, experience, and responsibilities.

Deaconess Invites Recruits

SOPHIA FETZER, *Deaconess*
Barrett, W.Va.

I am thrilled by *American Deaconesses—75 Years of Shining Service* [February, page 35]. Being a deaconess in the coalfields of southern West Virginia, I hope young women will be attracted to this challenging, rewarding church service, to be like "Phoebe, a helper of many."

Clear Perspective on Russia

G. D. VANPELT
Beloit, Kans.

Bishop Raines' fine article on Russia [January, page 14] was objective and did not depreciate the United States in favor of communism. Only one sour note—his calling U.S. "antagonistic."

Methodism will go forward in ratio to its efforts to combat the anti-God communist conspiracy.

More About Saur Bibles

MAYSIE M. PIERCE, *Librarian*
Manchester College
North Manchester, Ind.

Our Brethren Historical Library at Manchester College has the Bibles mentioned in *America's First Foreign-*

Language Bible [December, 1962, page 54] and other books from the Saur press, including hymn books. Christopher Saur was closely connected with the Church of the Brethren, and his son was an elder.

And we who have roots at Kendall College, Evanston, Ill., were happy to see Martinus L. Johnson's participation in the *Peace on Earth, Yes, But How?* Powwow [page 16]. He came to that Methodist institution direct from Liberia and was there two years.

She's Happy 'T Was Shared . . .

MRS. C. R. WHITCOMBE
Newark, Dela.

It was with great pleasure that I found *A Kind of Glory*, by Ardis Whitman [January, page 20], selected as *Reader's Choice*. It is of no matter, whatsoever, that I was not the first to suggest it—I am only happy that others noted its worth and were interested enough, as I was, to want to have it reprinted in *TOGETHER*.

A fine spirit, Mrs. Whitcombe! There were 11 others who nominated *A Kind of Glory*, but first were Mrs. Ethel T. Wood and Mrs. Lottie Jewell (in the same mail) so the \$25 award was shared.—EDS.

We Lose an 'Almost' Subscriber

WILLENE McCLELLAN
Addison, Ala.

You nearly had a new subscriber, namely me—until I started looking through some borrowed *TOGETHER* magazines [September and November 1961]. The girls wearing shorts and dresses with low necklines sickened me.

I am glad to be a servant of Jesus Christ our Lord and a member of The

Methodist Church. But I must protest against such unchristian modes of dressing. I do not believe in it and the Bible also teaches against it. First Timothy 2:9 (KJV) says, "Women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety." Amen and Amen.

Thanks, Methodist Church!

PAM KUIPER
Rock Valley, Iowa

What do Mrs. I. H. Kennedy and Mrs. Edgar Gilbert [*Letters*, January, page 66] want the youth to do on dates if movies and dancing are out?

I am 15. On dates I bowl, dance, go to movies, and take part in Methodist activities; and such "worldly things" do not detract from being a good church member.

The kids in our town who make trouble are the ones who are forced to attend church all day Sunday and half the week, and are not allowed to enjoy these other activities. And they're the ones who park in cars on dates because they lack something else to do. I'm glad my parents want me to participate in worthwhile activities, rather than park.

I'll grant there are some sensual records, but you can choose what you want to listen to.

I'm glad The Methodist Church is interested in its young people and is providing good fun for them. Keep up the good work.

No 'Sour Godliness,' Please

ROBERT KENNEDY
Caledonia, Ohio

I take issue with Mrs. I. H. Kennedy who disapproves of church people dancing. God does not want people to sit around all day and not enjoy themselves. As John Wesley put it, "Sour godliness is the devil's religion."

I am president of the MYF and attend church regularly. We have fine Christian young people here, and we do not think God looks upon us as sinners for dancing.

I agree with Mrs. Kennedy that we need spirit-filled Christians. But they must teach others about God's righteousness, and help Christians have good clean fun. Christians should be the happiest people, because they have true happiness in God.

Favors Sponsored Dances

MRS. JOHN E. RAABE
Jamaica, N.Y.

Since when is the church not a part of the world? We should take God with us wherever we go.

What harm is there in dancing in the social hall of the church? I would be happy to know my children are dancing with others who feel about God as they

do and are doing it in a Methodist-supervised place instead of in a tavern or nightclub.

Chaplains Share It

GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, SR.
Division Chaplain, U.S. Army
San Francisco, Calif.

TOGETHER is well named—and is living up to its name in this area. I read my copy as quickly as possible, then pass it on to my chaplains to read.

One (a Baptist) liked it so much he shared it with members of his fund council. Result: they approved his request for a year's subscription for 15 copies.

Everyone here enjoys reading Bishop Gerald Kennedy's *Browsing in Fiction*. I think your magazine in time will be as widely read as the *Upper Room*.

It Was/Wasn't Holland

MARVIN S. KINCHELOE, Pastor
St. Andrews Methodist Church
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Don't forget William Holland! Leslie F. Church in his biography of John Wesley, *Knight of the Burning Heart*, says on page 67 that Holland was the stout layman who was reading Martin Luther's *Preface to the Book of Romans* on May 24, 1738, when Wesley felt his heart strangely warmed.

Dr. Roy L. Smith in *I Was at Aldersgate* [January, page 13] states, "He was only a humble layman who seems to have gone nameless . . ."

So far as we know, the identity is unconfirmed. It might have been William Holland—and probably was.—Eds.

Likes Spirit of Aldersgate

MRS. MARY OTTEY
Methodist Home
Philadelphia, Pa.

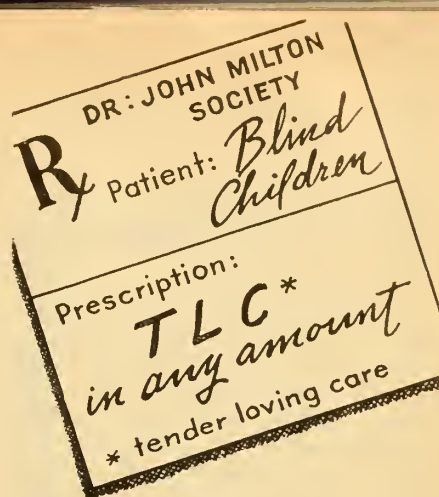
Thank you for the heartwarming *I Was at Aldersgate* [January, page 13]. It would be a fine thing if more preaching and emphasis were laid upon the work of the Holy Spirit. He comes to all, but too many are engrossed in things of the world, so fail to recognize him.

Prefers Church's New Look

RITCHIE D. OCHELTREE, Pastor
Bellingham, Wash.

My family's loyalty and service to Methodism during transitions prove Mrs. Selma Kasten [*Letters*, January, page 64] might look deeper into the upgrading of contemporary worship. My son and son-in-law also are ministers, as were my father and an uncle; and my second daughter is an ardent church worker as president of the Woman's Society.

We are happy that our church has moved from the log-cabin and circuit-



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Tourists at Mas Soubeyran.

Mesdames et Messieurs

ROBERT LAVESQUE, Mayor
Saint-Jean-du-Gard, France

Les numéros de "Together" de Juillet me parviennent en si grand nombre, qu'il m'est impossible de remercier individuellement, comme j'aurais voulu le faire, tous mes correspondants.

Je vous demande d'être mon interprète dans le prochain numéro de votre magazine, pour leur dire toute ma reconnaissance, pour ce geste amical, qui m'a beaucoup touché.

J'ai pu distribuer des exemplaires de votre revue à mes amis, à des pasteurs, qui tous ont été très intéressés par votre reportage sur le Musée du Désert.

Dites encore à vos lecteurs, que s'ils ont l'occasion de venir en France, visiter le Musée du Désert, qu'ils n'hésitent pas à venir à Saint-Jean-du-Gard ou je les recevrai avec beaucoup de plaisir.

Merci à toutes et à tous.

Très cordialement vôtre.

The mayor of Saint-Jean-du-Gard, France, recalls his request [Letters, January, page 68] for copies of the July, 1962, issue carrying the color pictorial French Protestants Rally for Renewal of Faith. He says the response was overwhelming—too great for him to thank individual donors. He asks that we express to all his appreciation. Should you go to France, he hopes you'll visit the Protestant Museum at Mas Soubeyran (near Ales)—and visit him at Saint-Jean-du-Gard.—Eds.

Roy L. Smith Hit Red Bull's-Eye

GEORGE WEISS, JR.

Sea Cliff, N.Y.

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States [December, 1962, page 24]. Answering those who assure us that we can end the Cold War by seeking "an understanding with the Soviet Union," Dr. Smith points out that we already have an understanding. It has been reiterated by Premier Nikita Khrushchev: "We cannot coexist eternally. One of us must go to his grave . . . We must push them [the Western nations] to their graves." Thus, we see, nothing will ever swerve international communism from its determination to conquer and enslave the entire world.

1958 Article Started Her

MRS. LLOYD BARNES
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Dorothy H. Wetzel's *I Collect Madonnas*, which TOGETHER published long ago [December, 1958, page 58], helped launch me on a rewarding hobby. Now, collecting madonna figurines is only a part of my hobby—which has given me new understanding and appreciation of all religious art.

I have gained wonderful friendships through correspondence with other Methodist women.

CAMERA CLIQUE

An Important Rule: Often you will find in TOGETHER pictures of worship services, and you may wonder if the photographer interrupted or interfered with the service in any way [see A Methodist Focus in Nashville]. The picture of the people kneeling at the altar under the wood carving of the Last Supper [top of page 1] was specially posed.

When pictures are wanted of a service, our photographer follows this rule: If it would disturb the service in any way, he does not take it. If it is possible to operate unobserved and quietly, he does so. For example, the click of a camera during a hymn is barely audible to the worshiper in the next seat. But a flash exposure will cause worshipers to turn their heads to seek the source. Balconies, potted plants, and chancel doors provide inconspicuous shooting places, while a fast lens, photo floods, and fast films are important aids.

Remember: if you have to interrupt, it's better to ask the pastor to hold everyone for a moment after the benediction for a restaging of the desired scene rather than to risk interrupting the worship.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

Cover—George P. Miller • 3—Indiana Methodist Information • 11—RNS • 16—Wide World Photo • 25—Elmer T. Clark Collection • 26 Top—U.S. Marine Corps • 27 Top—NASA, Bot.—Lowell J. Georgia, *Denver Post* • 30—Lovely Lane Museum • 31-67—Raymond W. Cripps • 34—Leland D. Case • 38 Top—Church World Service, National Council of Churches • 39—John Wanamaker, Philadelphia • 41—Schoneman Galleries • 42 L.—European Art Slide Co. (Peter Adelberg) • 56 Top R.—58 Ccn.—Simpson College • 62—Harper & Row • Second Cover—Page 1-4-14-47-49-52-56 (except Top. R.)-57-58 Top & Bot.-63-76-Third Cover—George P. Miller.

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Name Your Hobby

Interested in swapping hobby notes? Just write any of these Methodists directly—or tell us your hobby and we'll list it in about four months. Meanwhile, don't miss Hobby Alley feature on page 76.—EDS.

AFRICAN ARTIFACTS: Emmanuel O. Oyenweihe, Box 472, Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria.

ARCHITECTURE: Norman H. Barley, 1779 95th Ave., NE, Salem, Oreg. (churches).

BADGES: Bruce B. Colebank, 8342 Emerson Ave., S., Bloomington 20, Minn. (also pins).

BIOGRAPHIES: Orville R. Phariss, 8016 Bellevue Ave., Kansas City 14, Mo. (missionaries to the American Indians).

CALLING CARDS: Mrs. T. D. McVey, 217 S. Windomere, Dallas 8, Texas (antique, with hidden name).

CHURCH BULLETINS: Rev. C. Lal, P.O. Gadawara, Dist. Narsingh Pur., M.P., India.

COINS: David Tucker, 567 Lake Ave., W., Barberton, Ohio (old, foreign); Douglas Von Seggern, 401 Dale Dr., Lincoln 10, Nebr. (Canadian); Mrs. Helen Hemraj, P.O. Bilas Pur., M.P., India.

COUPONS: Maralyn Pevey, 1611 S. Adams St. Tacoma 5, Wash. (Betty Crocker).

DECALS: Albert Hawthorn, 720 Centre St., Trenton, N.J.

EMBROIDERY: Nell Freeman, 940 Locust Ave., P.C., Orlando, Fla. (Swedish towels).

ENGINEERING: Samuel Olufemi Ogunlola, c/o W. Alaka, Box 232, Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria.

GENEALOGY (Unfortunately, space available for this section of *Name Your Hobby* is not so great as its popularity. Genealogy listings must be limited to five names (other than the hobbyist's own) in any one month. Other names may be published if requested a few months later.—EDS.)

Harry J. Baker, 1412 W. Main, Crawfordsville, Ind. (Keach, Keech, Bray, Price); Ernest Chandler Pittard, Box 114, Winterville, Ga. (Hartt, Jennings, Waggoner, Barnett, O'Kelly); Mrs. Loran Dietmeier, RR, Juda, Wis. (Camron, Cameron); Mrs. Frederick M. Sahr, 616 S. Clark St., Forest City, Iowa (Cady, Randall, Buck, McKay, Farmer); Mrs. H. Isaiah Smith, 1613 McClung St., Charleston 1, W. Va. (Rogers, Moore, Hall, Nelson).

Mrs. John Regnell, 1415 W. Church St., Champaign, Ill. (Sorlin, Erickson, Jacobson, Woods, Harmon); Edna Lewis Myers, Box 128, Galva, Kans. (Burns, Bunnell, Dann, Munger, Athey); Mrs. Leonard Garland, 1030 S. Roselawn, Turlock, Calif. (Wall, Brinker, Merrifield); B. T. Redstone, 1100 8th Ave., Vero Beach, Fla. (Redstone, Redston).

Mrs. Walter Miller, R. 1, Etna Green, Ind. (Applegate); Marie Parkhurst Morey, 4160 Oceana, Lakewood, Calif. (Parkhurst, Thompson, Hague, Paul); Mrs. Bill Bandy, 204 Brank St., Greenville, Ky. (Mercer, Wright, Cope, Price, Stovall).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Steven Maynor, R. 3, Murphysboro, Ill.

HISTORY: Rev. Elmer Niles Hassell, 1294 Poquoson Ave., Poquoson, Va. (early American Methodism).

MATCHBOOKS: David A. Wynn, Box 251, Millville, Pa.

MEMORABILIA: Dennis M. Stainken, 51 Coughlan Ave., Staten Island 10, N.Y. (Civil War); Misses Bacti Matobi, Violet Danisa, Constance Matowe, Ruth Lupenga, Mable Ncobo, Gladys Mapoma—All of Box 5, 14, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, Africa (professional nursing).

MUSIC: Victor F. Urakwani, c/o Amachree & Brothers, 95 Broad St., Lagos, Nigeria.

NAPKINS: Mrs. Clarence Patterson, Ramsey, Ind. (paper: wedding and golden anniversary).

PAINTING: Mrs. Albert Kaiser, RR 1, Birdseye, Ind. (oil still lifes and landscapes).

PENCILS: Frankie Maynor, R. 3, Murphysboro, Ill.

PENCILS & PENS: Nalni I. Singh, Main Hospital, P.O. Narsingh Pur., M.P., India.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Elizabeth V. Sanntos 18), Echagne, Isabela, Philippines; Mary Jewett (14), RFD 2, Morrisville, Vt.; Becky Mehl (11), RR 2, Hornick, Iowa; Brent Linaman (8), Buffalo Lake, Minn.; Sarah Brooks (14), 52 Lakehurst Ave., East Weymouth 89, Mass.; Janey Cheek (15), Box 192, Seaboard, N.C.; Gail Hall (15), Box 332, Seaboard, N.C.; Constance Doolittle (10), Craigue Hill Rd., Springfield, Vt.

Susan Potzler (16), RR 1, Momence, Ill.; Lucille Lamb (10), 101 Lawnside Ave., Collingswood, N.J.; Sharon Dianne (12) and Donna Faye (11) Hill, Monroe Harding Home, 1120 Glendale Lane, Nashville 4, Tenn.; Mildred (13) and Dorothy (8) Baker, 715 E. Washington, Clarinda, Iowa; Karen Myers (11), Box 38, Alden, Ill.; Jane Parks (13), 4458 E. Bermuda, Tucson, Ariz.

Thayne Elizabeth Shaw (15), Box 452, Norfolk, N.Y. (foreign); Jeani Gregory (14), 123-23 Ave., S., St. Cloud, Minn.; Marty Robbins (10), RR 1, Fall River, Wis.; Janet Appleyard (11), Box 33, Curtis, Nebr.; Mary Lee Sorrels (8), 323 N. 15th St., Kansas City, Kans.; Lou Kramer (16), R. 4, Marysville, Ohio; Marilyn Strid (15), Box 130, Delmont, S.Dak.; Pam Whitmoyer (12), 6720 E. 106th St., Noblesville, Ind.

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Elizabeth Ashwill (14), 34008 Lorain Rd., N. Ridgeville, Ohio; Nancy French (12), 23 Elmwood Circle, Peabody, Mass.; Robert Reverger (16), 80 Bintara St., Block Q IV, Kebajoran Baru, Djakarta, Indonesia; William Thompson (18), 28 Orudu St., Ajegunle-Apapa, Lagos, Nigeria.

Safiu Fawehinmi (15), 1 Eleji St., Abule-Ijesha, Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria; Tayoes Adex (18), 21 Koilo St., Lagos, Nigeria; M.A. Ola Lawal (17), 1 Griffin St., Lagos, Nigeria; Sheff Oye Odukale (17), 3 Aruna St., Odi-Olowo, Mushin, Lagos, Nigeria; Samuel Olufemi Ogunlola (18), Alias Many Gay Tourse, c/o W. Alaka, Box 232, Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria; Supendar (16), Djl. Purwodadi 22, Djakarta III/6, Indonesia.

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From Lawrenceville, Ga.: Andrea Mees (13), R. 4, Box 322 A; Fay Garmon (13), R. 1, Box 72; Brenda Mays (13), R. 4, Box 408.

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PICTURES: Estella Evert, Olivia, Minn. (churches).

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STEREOSCOPE VIEWS: Jessie Olmstead, Kidder, Mo. (old).

TAPE RECORDING: Adam Tjio An Lay, 1860 Glindingan, Magelang, Jawa, Indonesia; Rev. Charles O. Humphrey, Gen. Del., Baxley, Ga.

TATTING: Mrs. Pauline Antisdal, Box 8684, Sarasota, Fla.

TOKENS: Ralph W. Winant, 500 W. Summit Ave., Wilmington 4, Del. (streetcars, buses, ferries, bridges).

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with thine? Dost thou love and
serve God? It is enough. I give thee
the right hand of fellowship.

—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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Your Hobby.

After-Hour Jottings

Casual Reading . . . We ran across the biography of the late **Ed Howe** of Kansas newspaper fame. He tells of revisiting, after many years, the site of his boyhood home on a Missouri farm:

"The house in which we lived then stood in the middle of a pasture, and had been abandoned long before. In going through it I found on a shelf in the pantry a piece of the **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE**, yellow with age, and pasted to one of the boards. Probably it had been placed there by my mother, as I recall no other publication we received; our literature was made up of the **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE**, religious books, and *McGuffey's Readers*."

Which Reminds Us . . . Frequently, when reading biographies, we find reference to this 137-year-old ancestor of **TOGETHER**, and to the importance it had in shaping the lives and reading habits of other generations. (The **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE**, we should add, is also our present-day compeer, for it lives on as a biweekly journal for pastors.) Not all youngsters grew up to abide by the old **ADVOCATE's** precepts; many did, however, and thousands of young men must have entered the ministry because of its influence. The **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** was a cherished visitor in the home; often it was a frontier family's only contact with the outside world, and many hours were spent reading and rereading every issue.

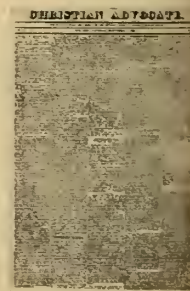


An Outlet for Budding Talent . . . Faith Baldwin, the noted novelist and storyteller, tells us that **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** was the first to publish her work—a poem. "I was 10 or 11—probably 10½—and I wrote it on a chocolate box (there were violets on it). My great aunt, Mrs. Augustus Martin, my grandfather's sister (he was a Methodist clergyman-missionary, later secretary of foreign missions), sent it to **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE**." (Look for her latest, *Learning to Pray*, in next month's special *Aldersgate Issue*.)

Case of the Framed Check . . . Faith Baldwin, the little girl, couldn't have been more excited over a first acceptance than **Madeleine Laeufer** of Lima, Ohio, whose poem, *Growing Pains*, appears this month on page 46. "I wrote the treasurer whose name was on that check, and asked him to mail it to me when it had cleared the banks," Mrs. Laeufer tells us. "My husband thought I was crazy, and that a big, busy place like The Methodist Publishing House would simply forget the whole thing. Mr. J. R. Smith was kind enough to answer and say that he would watch for the check and send it to me. He did, with a very nice letter and his best wishes . . . I've framed it."

Not at All Tenuous . . . is the line that runs from John Wesley and Aldersgate to the **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** of other days, to Ed Howe and Faith Baldwin, and then finally to **TOGETHER** and Mrs. Laeufer of Lima, Ohio. After John Wesley's Aldersgate experience, he went on, not only to preach but to reach people with the printed word. **TOGETHER**, in its modern typographical dress, is a 20th-century projection of Wesley's philosophy; and its purpose today is no different from that of the first **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** 137 years ago, then "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor devoted to the interests of religion, morality, literature . . . and general intelligence . . ."

Our Cover: Appropriate any year, but especially so during Aldersgate Year, 1963, is this detail from the magnificent stained-glass window fronting the Upper Room Chapel at the Methodist Board of Evangelism building in Nashville, Tenn. [also see *Hobby Alley* on page 76].—YOUR EDITORS



TOGETHER Editorial and Advertising Offices: Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. Phone: 229-4411.

TOGETHER Business, Subscription Offices: 201 Eighth Ave., So., Nashville 3, Tenn. CHapel 2-1621.

TOGETHER continues the **CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE** founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the **METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX**.

TOGETHER is "the midmonth magazine for Methodist families" because it reaches subscribers by the 15th of the month preceding cover date.

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PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS . . .

Dr. Arnold Toynbee, the outstanding modern historian, analyzes the American Missionary Movement and its effect on history.

Front Cover—Wesley Preaching in the Market place.

“What Happened at Aldersgate,” a full color spread with brief summary of “The Man,” “The Place,” “The Event,” and “The Result.”

“JOHN WESLEY—A Man You’d Like to Talk To,” in text and pictures.

“THE WAY OF THE WARMED HEART”—A magnificent 12-page pictorial with re-

productions in full color of original oil and watercolor paintings by such famous Methodist artists as Lynd Ward, Jack White, Charles Hargens, and TOGETHER’s own Floyd Johnson. These original paintings depict high points of Methodist development from Wesley as a child until Asbury carried the Gospel across the Blue Ridge.

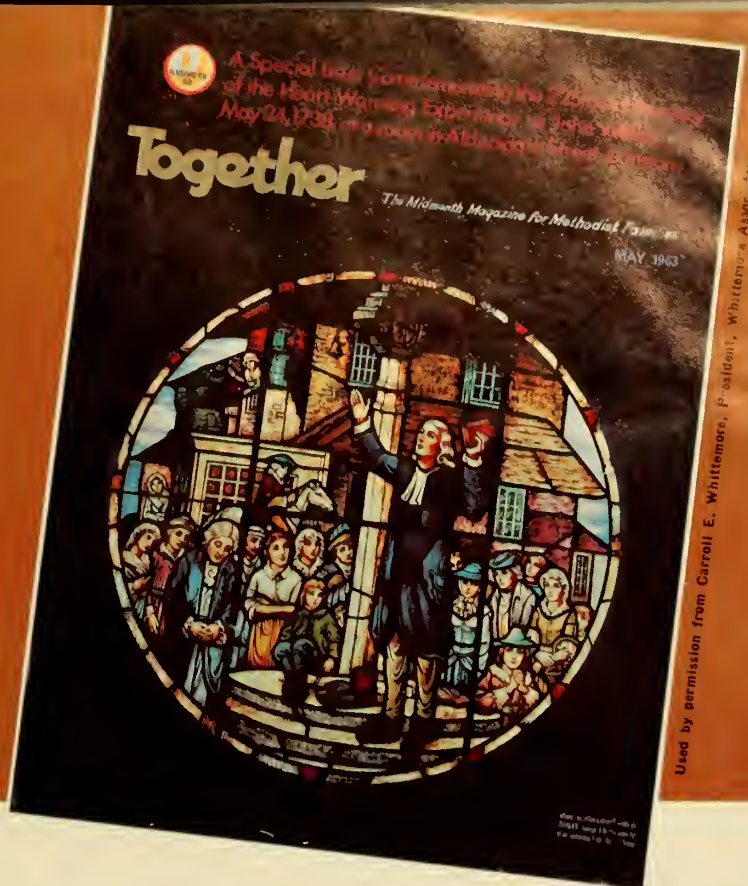
- “MARKS OF A METHODIST”—A historic statement by John Wesley.
- “HOW THE HOLY SPIRIT WORKS” by Roy L. Smith.
- “Too Easy to Be a Methodist Today?” The May Powwow.
- “Francis Asbury—An American Saint Paul” by Bishop Nolan B. Harmon. Number 8 in the Our Methodist Heritage series.
- “The Complex Art of Knowing the Moment” by Arthur Gordon.

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Masterpiece in the making: A Methodist schoolteacher, Miss Helen Spencer (above), makes use of a new art form using, of all things, eggshells! At left, her meticulously copied mosaic of a Raphael masterpiece.



Eggshell Magic

WHICH came first: the chicken or the egg? To Helen Spencer, physical-education teacher at East High School, Des Moines, Iowa, the question is academic. Without both, she would be unable to pursue her unusual hobby—making eggshell mosaics.

Revealing the technique of this exceptional art form for the first time, Miss Spencer told TOGETHER:

"First I paint a picture in watercolors. Then I paint shells with tinting colors so they match all tones in the picture. When the shells are dry, I break them into bits, put a tiny portion of glue on the painting with a toothpick, and lift a

BISHOP
Lloyd C. WickeEDITOR
Mrs. Margaret F. Donaldson 475 Riverside Dr., New
York 27, N.Y.

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 4

APRIL, 1963

Valley Stream Churches Make Interfaith Visits

Methodists, Roman Catholics Have 'Adventure in Understanding'

An "adventure in understanding" which began with the visit of 250 members of Grace Church, Valley Stream, N.Y., to a Roman Catholic Church and school was continued with a return visit by the Catholics.

Communicants Given Tour

About 335 communicants of two churches including four priests were guided by Youth Fellowship members on an 80-minute tour of Grace Church. Official board members were stationed along the way at points of interest in order to explain traditions, symbolism, and customs.

Display Scope of Methodism

Special exhibits depicted the worldwide scope of The Methodist Church including the missions program, camps, universities, hospitals, and the work of the Woman's Societies, Methodist Men and the MYF.

The Rev. Paul L. Sartorio reports that the Roman Catholics saw many similarities to their own church and urged their people in the Holy Name Society bulletin to "catch the spirit of ecumenism."



Paul Brinckerhoff Photo

Discussing NYE Urgent Needs Crusade with Bishop Wicke at South Norwalk: seated—the Rev. Harry Robinson, Mount Vernon; the Rev. Wesley Osborne, Port Chester N.Y. Standing—Dr. Thomas Grubb, Mamaroneck; the Rev. C. N. Hogle, New Rochelle.

Area Fund Drives Near Goals

Campaign in NY Conference Moving Toward 'Victory Sunday'

With 141 churches having accepted their "fair share" quotas for a total of \$1,313,637 as of February 15, the New York Conference is moving toward March 24, Victory Sunday, with confidence that the \$1,500,000 needed for the Development Crusade will be pledged in full.

Minute men explained the crusade in the churches February 17, 24, and March 3 and a conferencewide exchange of ministers March 10 helped clarify the needs.

Filmstrips are available and churches are urged to use them in connection with their parish solicitations March 17.

Observe Prayer Vigil

A 13-hour prayer vigil was observed by Brandon (Vt.) Methodists in connection with the Universal Week of Prayer.

Members went to the church for half-hour periods from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M. when the Rev. Burnham Waldo closed the day with an hour's prayer service. Those un-

NYE 'Fair Shares' Mounting Up in Urgent Needs Crusade

Enthusiastic support of the New York East Conference Crusade for Urgent Needs is apparent in early acceptances of quotas by the churches. By February 15 when this issue of the *Area News* went to press, 69 churches had agreed to raise \$1,321,700 toward the goal of \$3,366,000.

A filmstrip and narration depicting the five causes to benefit from the campaign are in the possession of every church in the conference and workshops have been held in each district to explain the techniques for parish solicitation.

able to travel to church prayed in their homes.

A family service was held the following Sunday with Lay Leader Robert Richardson and his son, Charles, nine, participating.

Members of the Brandon Church have a unique opportunity to minister to residents of a state institution for retarded persons who are being housed by local residents as they learn to become adjusted to community life.



Nagrod Studio

Miss Susan Joy McNeel, former MYF president at Trinity Church, Hackensack, crowned New Jersey's Junior Miss.

Church and Theater Have Common Goal, Says Actor

The preacher and the actor share a common goal, Anthony Quinn, noted stage and motion picture star, told the Brooklyn Methodist Ministers' group at a luncheon meeting at Emanuel Church.

Mr. Quinn, twice an Oscar winner and at present starring in the play *Tchin Tchin*, declared that the theater and the church try to give persons a better understanding of the realities of life. The preacher and the actor, he told the group, both try to help men clarify their relationship with each other and with God.

A former Pentecostal preacher, he challenged both the preacher and the actor to develop a language which will reach the people. He scored the apparent unwillingness of many church people to live the teachings the church proclaims.

Mr. Quinn said he wished the church might work with the communications industry to help bring the false optimism of Hollywood and the negativism of Broadway closer to the realities of everyday life.

In a discussion period after his talk, Mr. Quinn explained that the poor quality of many motion pictures is due to economic pressures since, to be financially successful, a film must appeal to a 15-year-old mentality.

The meeting was one of a series planned by the Rev. James R. McGraw of Windsor Terrace Church, program chairman.

Plan Home Lenten Series

Instead of attending Lenten services in church, the members of St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., are attending Bible study and prayer groups in 12 homes each Wednesday night.

A Bible passage is assigned to all groups for study each week. This passage also is the subject of the sermon the following Sunday morning by the Rev. Lewis H. Davis, pastor.



Perkins and Will Architects

Teaneck (N.J.) show place is Cokesbury's Northeastern Regional Service Center.

THE BISHOP WRITES

Bringing an Anniversary Down to Date

Anniversaries have a way of becoming anchors that keep ships and men static and inactive. To make of our yesterdays a book of remembrance and of our present a perpetual rereading of that history closes the book of life.

In spite of these melancholy notes we should all remember during this year that it was 225 years ago, May 24th, that a man in old London Town opened the door to a new world and had the will and the courage to walk through that door into a large room.

Let him tell his story, "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death."

This experience changed Wesley. It set his feet upon a new and adventure-some path. Through the magnitude of his service, England was changed. A legacy of new life was bequeathed to the world. We are all the inheritors of his experience.

As we remember, let us also resolve!

Let us remember Emerson's word, the sun not only shone, it shines. Wesley's experience and legacy are not only historical events to be remembered. These are ever-present possibilities to be realized. The faith that "in Christ and Christ alone" salvation could be found is not an antique item in the history of religion. It is as alive with possibility as ever. "Yesterday, today, and forever . . . the same." It has happened in other generations, in one of which John Wesley was an illustrious member. It can happen here as it happened there. It can happen to you as it happened to him. Pray God we may bring history down to date in the contemporary experience of his Grace.

Prayerfully,
LLOYD C. WICKE



Sermonettes by Jewett

The Rev. Paul N. Jewett of Newark, N.J., preached six sermonettes on WNBC-TV, Channel 4. The topics were *The Pay-Off*, *The Humbug*, *Holy Hypocrites*, *Make Like a Monse*, *Religion in a Rut*, and *And May the Better God Win*.

The Rev. Kim Jefferson, advisor on community relations at Trinity Church (Newark) was a panel member of Chan-

nel 13 for a discussion of *The Role of the Professional Planner and His Relation to Citizen Groups*.

In Memoriam

New York Conference

Joseph C. Hill
New York, N.Y.
January 22, 1963

New York East Conference

Ivan M. Gould
Merrick, N.Y.
January 29, 1963

APRIL, 1963

Vol. 7, No. 4

TOGETHER is an official organ of The Methodist Church, issued monthly by the Methodist Publishing House, 201 Eighth Avenue South, Nashville 3, Tenn. Publisher: Lovick Pierce.

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Twelve pastors from 10 states attended the **Continuing Theological Education Program** offered to ministers who have served in the pastoral field for a period of five years or more. The program is planned to meet "one of the evident and frequently expressed needs of the church today: that of post-seminary education for ministers who, caught in the tremendous pressures of their daily responsibilities, have little or no time left for serious study." The Rev. William G. Vigne, Delmar, N.Y., was a participant from the New York Area.

- A recent lecturer was Masao Takenaka, professor of Christianity and Social Ethics at Kyoto University in Japan. This year he is Henry Luce visiting professor at Union Theological Seminary.

- Thirteen pastors from overseas will be on the campus until commencement engaged in a program of study under the auspices of the Board of Missions. They are from Japan, Korea, the Philippines, India, West Pakistan, Southern Rhodesia and Panama.

- Dr. Martin Niemoeller, a president of the World Council of Churches, spoke at a special public convocation.

- Professor H. Jerome Cranmer, chairman of the Economics Department, will write one of 30 volumes on New Jersey history to be published in 1964 by the New Jersey Tercentenary Commission.

Historians to Meet

The annual meeting of the Northeastern Jurisdictional Association of Methodist Historical Societies will be held April 16-18 at Wesley Theological Seminary in Washington, D.C.

The Rev. C. Wesley Christman of Peekskill, N.Y., secretary of the New York Conference, is association president.

Seek Way to Move Old Church

"Take it away" plead Plainview, N.Y. Methodists who want to replace their 112-year-old building with a new structure. (See picture below.)

There's no dearth of takers—but moving cost is deterring those interested.



This 112-year-old building has plenty of takers but no movers.

Race No Barrier

One of the best known historians of the century, a professor of history at Brooklyn College and visiting William Pitt professor of American history and institutions at Cambridge University, is a member of King's Highway Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Prof. John Hope Franklin was the first Negro to be admitted to Washington's Cosmos Club. He was recently the subject of an article in *Time* magazine.

At King's Highway he is a member of the commission on Christian social concerns and also serves on the New York East Conference board. Mrs. Franklin is church librarian, teaches in the primary department and serves on the commission on education. Their ten-year-old son is a member of the Acolyte Guild.

Green Mountain Peaks

President Withey reports the building program two years ahead of its 10-year schedule. The trustees have voted to set a maximum of 600 for the student body.

Dr. Julian N. Hartt of the Yale University Divinity School spoke at the winter conference on religion on *The Religious Situation* and *The Revolution of Morals*.

The college is one of three chosen by the state as the subject of a motion picture illustrating the impact of higher education on Vermont.

Concerts have been presented by the Vienna Octet; Michael Chauveton, violinist Anton Keurti, pianist; and Dave Brubeck, jazz artist.

New Faces—New Places

Newark Conference

The Rev. Kenneth H. Ahl, from Green Village to the Oxford-Summerfield Charge.

The Rev. Rolland C. Towell from the Oxford-Summerfield Charge to Pleasantville in the New Jersey Conference.

The Rev. Neal Baumwart to supply Green Village.

Troy Conference

The Rev. James M. Boyd, from Summit, N.J. to First, Schenectady.

Centenary Notes

- The sixth annual WNTI theater of the air contest March 22, will give students from 180 high schools the opportunity to develop radio skills and appreciation of radio literature. Judging is based on characterization, timing, quality of play and technical skills.

- With the theme of *Contemporary Philosophies That Face College Students* Dr. D. Elton Trueblood, professor of philosophy at Earlham College, Ind., opened religious emphasis week with a convocation address on *The Strengths and Weaknesses of Existentialism*.

Six Countries in 60 Minutes

First Church, Plattsburgh, N.Y., offered more than 270 junior and senior high school youngsters the chance to spend 10 minutes in each of six countries at a gathering of Clinton County Youth Fellowship members.

Six foreign students spending the year in the vicinity of Plattsburgh were the hosts, describing their countries' customs and displaying unusual objects, including art and handcraft. The visitors spent 10 minutes in each of the countries represented: West Germany, South Vietnam, Korea, Kenya, Ethiopia and Jordan.

Plan Foreign Student Visit

The enthusiasm of First Church's MYF under the leadership of Karen Saunders, daughter of Pastor Winston A. Saunders, has lead the congregation to plan to invite a student from another land to live in Plattsburgh next year through the International Christian Youth Exchange.

Honor Five in Christian Service

Ansonia, Conn., Methodists recently honored five members of First Church in full-time Christian service.

Shown in the picture below they are: the Rev. Richard R. Thomas, Jr., pastor at East Norwalk, Conn.; Miss Lillian A. Johnson, Wesleyan Service Guild executive secretary; the Rev. Charles Dorchester, pastor at West Granby, Conn.; Mrs. Ruth B. Shryock, missionary to Angola; and the Rev. R. L. Bauer, Kensington, Conn.



Ansonia Church recently honored these full-time church workers.

New Horizons

The new church at Kinnelon, N.J., is conducting a campaign for \$35,000 to acquire a building site, liquidate the debt on the church house and underwrite a current expense budget.

First Church in Winooski, Vt., has spent \$5,000 to modernize education rooms, church kitchen and dining hall. A communion set and additional hymnals have been provided as well as choir robes for a newly organized children's choir.

Memorial Church, White Plains, N.Y., conducted a crusade for \$150,000 toward the retirement of the \$240,000 debt on the new building.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., is in faultless physical condition, thanks to 40 Willing Workers who spend six weeks each winter painting, plastering and doing electrical and carpenter work. Chairman Harry Wilson publishes a bi-weekly bulletin of news, provides music while the men saw and hammer—then sees that food is served: a hot meal on Saturdays and refreshments Wednesday nights.

Kirchner Heads Society

Dr. Fred K. Kirchner of Delmar, N.Y., lay leader of the Troy Conference, has been elected president of the Albany Methodist Society succeeding Dr. Oliver Buchanan.

Faced with the loss of its headquarters when First Church and surrounding buildings are demolished for the South Mall project, the society was urged at the annual meeting to adapt its program to these drastic changes.

District Superintendent Robert Thomas read a report by the Rev. George Kaslowe, chairman of the Metropolitan Area Planning Commission, which predicts that the Mall will disperse the population which the society now serves.

The need of more volunteers and a larger building was cited by the Rev. Randolph Nugent, mission director.

Named to Missions Staff

Two area residents have been named staff executives by the Board of Missions.

Frank A. Morrison of Norwalk, Conn., is the new chief accountant for the Division of World Missions and Howard M. Cordell of Syosset, N.Y., is field accountant for the World Division.

Counting on the Count Down

A series of "launching pads" are being employed in the Troy Conference to give members a clear view of the mission of the church and an evaluation of themselves as Christians.

Among the questions being discussed are "Are we just holding our own?" and "Is the church concerned only with the middle class?"

Launching pads have been held in Bennington, Vt., Glens Falls, Troy, Gloversville, Warrensburg, Valley Falls Lake Placid, N.Y., White River Junction and Milton, Vt.

Others are planned March 17, in Bel lows Falls and Danville, Vt., and Central Bridge, N.Y.; March 24, in Ballston Spa and East Greenbush, N.Y., and North Ferrisburg, Vt., and March 31 in Peru, Schenectady and Ticonderoga, N.Y.

Train Lay Speakers

The Brooklyn North District has held two meetings to train lay speakers under the direction of the Board of Lay Activities.

There are 67 certified speakers in the district and 20 men attended each training session—one at the Hempstead Church and the other in Smithtown.

Following addresses on the policies, preparation and beliefs of lay speakers, a forum discussion was held on the meaning and content of a worship service.

College History Traced

A volume entitled *Vermont College—A Famous Old School* by Dr. Eldon Hubert Martin has been published by The Parthenon Press bringing up to date the history of one of the state's oldest institutions.

Dr. Martin, alumni secretary, describes the development of the school from its two academic roots, Newbury Seminary and Montpelier Seminary.

The author was in the active ministry for 38 years.

The Short Circuit

"Charlie's Party" was a major event at the Irvington (N.J.) Church. It honored Charles Langner on his 35th anniversary as custodian of the church.

WANTED: Used copies of *TOGETHER* by the Methodist church in Suva, Fiji. The Rev. Harry G. Lucas says one worn

copy is passed among 30 persons. Send your copies to him in Suva (Box 357, GBO). Postage on one issue is about 14 cents.

Miss Elizabeth Beers, a member of Simpson Church, Perth Amboy, N.J., for 82 years, celebrated her 100th birthday at the Methodist Home in Ocean Grove.

William Tilton of Newfield Church, Bridgeport, Conn., has been scoutmaster in the church for 51 years.

Jacob A. Blakeslee, a member of Newton (N.J.) Church, was cited by the state board of agriculture for "distinguished service to New Jersey Agriculture." He is director of stewardship for the Sussex County Subdistrict.

First Church, Middletown, Conn., has announced an "IF" Dinner at 99 cents per person.

It's God and Country time again! In Richford, Vt., the Rev. Merle G. Stone presented awards to Dean Howarth, Jerry Clark, Brian Clark and Gregory Lovelette. In Westfield, N.J., awards were presented Jeff Barsness, Bill Burbank, David Gibson, Curt Hunt, Chip Merrill, Richard Mumford, Jeff Osborne and David Wilson.

The Easter message in one minute was the assignment given Dr. Lowell M. Atkinson of Englewood, N.J., by the New Jersey State Council of Churches. The message will be broadcast by 86 radio stations in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and New York.

Bishop Wicke and seven other area residents have been named by the Council of Bishops to represent Methodism on the General Board of the National Council of Churches. Others named were Dr. Harold Bosley, Mrs. Porter Brown, Ernest Gross, Charles C. Parlin, Dr. Eugene Smith, Dr. H. Conwell Snoke and Miss Thelma Stevens.

William O. Brown has resigned as lay leader of the New York Conference. He has moved to Charleston, W.Va.



Paterson Evening News Photo

Participants at rededication of Embury Church, Paterson N.J., after extensive repairs. L. to r.: Building committeeman Harry Eelman, Arnold Ricciardi, Pastor R. L. Gue, Edward Sisco, Wallace Crane, William Jones, Dist. Supt. F. M. Fness.

shell fragment onto the painting with the moistened point of a skewer. As pieces are placed on the painting, I push them snugly together in jigsaw fashion. It must be done with meticulous care, and with patience."

Miss Spencer delights in making replicas of stained-glass windows and famous paintings. The thin film inside the shell lends a mother-of-pearl quality, and a finished mosaic may have 15 to 80 square inches and

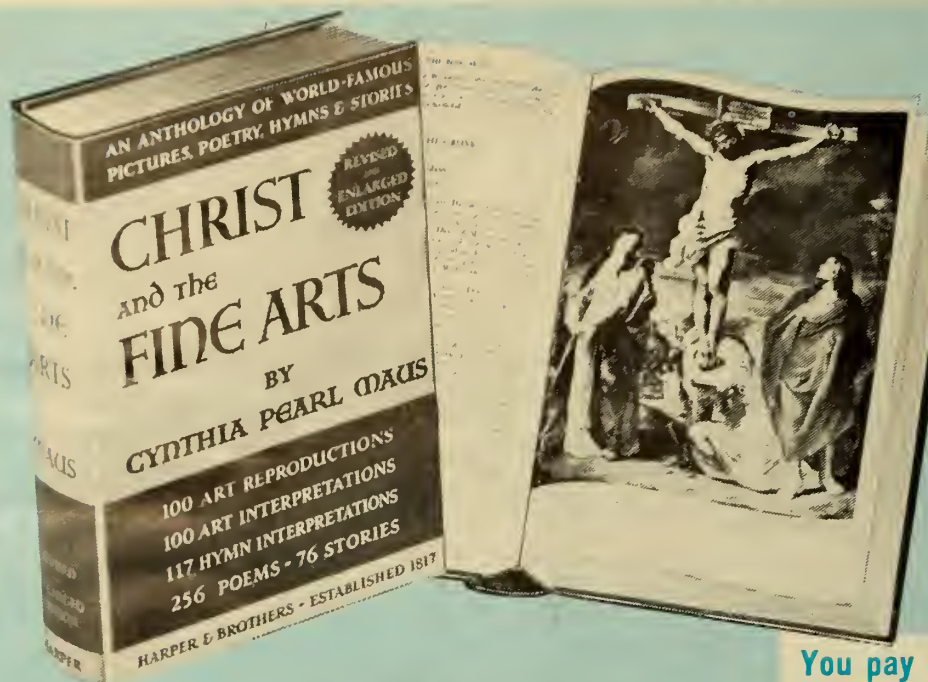
contain 375 pieces per square inch. She does not use brush marks after completing a picture, but provides emphasis of line by using black-dyed eggshell bits.

Since one Christmas when "two ideas collided" to give Miss Spencer the inspiration for her mosaics, she has had a special fondness for the egg.

"Yes," she smiles, "the egg provides my breakfast, and the shell that's left provides endless hours of enjoyment."

Miss Spencer's mosaic copy of a window in Florence Henry Memorial Church, Seattle, Wash.





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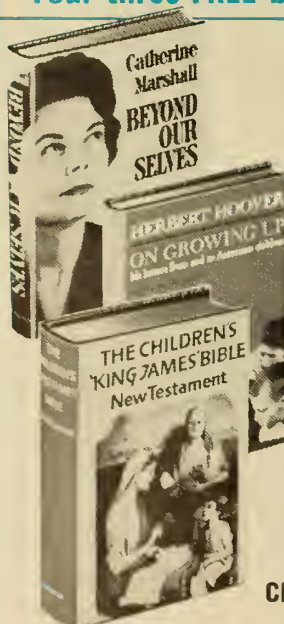
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